

994. d. 23. 1. 1  
**MISCELLANIES**

IN

**VERSE and PROSE,**

*Supplement*  
**By Mr. POPE;**

**Found amongst his Papers after his  
Death, and now first Publish'd**

**By Mr. WARBURTON.**



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# Occasional POEMS.

## CHLOE'S Dream Expounded.

A familiar Epistle, in the manner of Mr.  
*Prior*, to Miss *W-----n*.

**F**orgive me *Chloe*, tender Maid,  
If my rude Strains offend thine Ear,  
If they one Moment's Bliss invade,  
Or tell what thou disdain'st to hear.

No Force of Charms has tun'd my Lays,  
Nor soft Desire, nor sweet Address,  
Nor do I write in *Chloe*'s Praise,  
Tho' every Bard her Worth confess.

A harder Task, Oh! dire Event!  
Shou'd *Chloe* once her Frowns diffuse,  
My Muse her Zeal would soon repent,  
And what she meant to blame, excuse.

To chide, she comes, fair *Chloe* too,  
Yet don't with Scorn the Muse deter,  
For glaring Faults she cannot shew,  
But *Chloe*'s mortal, and may err.

Some sad Mishap, as yet unknown,  
Some Love-sick Qualm, or Visit crost,  
Some Favourite dead, or Parrot flown,  
Or worse, perhaps, the Lap-dog lost.

For these does *Chloe* heave her Breast,  
And spread the Lilly o'er the Rose;  
Her Cheeks bedew, and break her Rest?  
Ah, no! for greater Ills than those,

One Night, as beauteous *Chloe* slept,  
 (Had *Chloe* then not clos'd her Eyes,  
 But Love had still his Vigils kept,  
 Then I had still thought *Chloe* wise.)

The guardian Choir that near the Fair  
 Attend her Smiles, her Slumbers blefs,  
 A while forsook their charming Care,  
 And Darkness veil'd the safe Recess.

As now defenceless *Chloe* lay,  
 Some sportive Demon, pleas'd to find,  
 The Maid asleep, her Guards away,  
 Approach'd, and thus possess'd her Mind.

She thought she saw her *Strephon* pale,  
 For Death had rifl'd all his Store,  
 She view'd his Grave, she heard his Knell,  
 And Love, and *Strephon*, were no more.

A thousand *Cupids* round him stood,  
 Their Pinions flagg'd, their Bows unty'd,  
 His Fate they wept, their own deplor'd,  
 Extinct their Power, for *Strephon* dy'd.

Bright *Sol* appear'd, and *Chloe* woke,  
 The Slipper thrice had beat the Ground,  
 The early Noise her Fears bespoke,  
 And *Betty* heard the well known Sound.

Pert *Betty*, skill'd in every Art,  
 Or to deceive, or to evade;  
 Or sooth the flatter'd Fair one's Heart;  
 In short, a downright Chambermaid.

Yet *Chloe's* Oracle was she,  
 Resolves her Doubts, expounds her Tale;  
 Nay, oft' in secret o'er her Tea,  
 Does more than *Chloe* dares reveal.

Now *Betty* all thy Skill unfold,  
 On thee poor *Chloe's* Hope depends;  
 Enough she cry'd,——the Dream is told,  
 And thus, or *Betty* lyes, portends.

Your

## Occasional Poems.

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Your *Strepbon's* Death, is *Hymen's* Rites,  
Some distant Fair shall *Strepbon* wed;  
The Grave betokens, happy Nights  
In blisful Joys, the Marriage-bed.

The weeping *Cupids*, aptly shew,  
From *Cupid's* Dictates *Strepbon* stray'd,  
To you shall *Strepbon* break his Vow,  
And Love shall mourn his Truth decay'd.

Avert it Heaven! (pale *Chloe* said,  
And down the Tears like Rivers ran,)  
Is *Strepbon* perjur'd! Truth betray'd?  
Then all my flattering Hopes are gone.

Be still ye Winds, be calm ye Seas,  
Nor boast your Strength o'er human Kind;  
My Sighs, and Tears, worse Conflicts raise,  
Then swelling Sea, or blustering Wind.

For this, three Times the other Night  
I heard my Chamber Door unlock;  
For this, did *Pompey's* Yells afright;  
For this, incessant crew the Cock.

For this, the Knives were found acrofs,  
For this, the Salt the Table spread;  
And oh! for this, (unequall'd Loss!)  
This Instant lies my Squirrel dead.

Can Reason, Learning, all dispence  
So small a Share in *Chloe's* Cause,  
That thus the Fair subverts her Sense,  
And thus demeans her Maker's Laws!

Look up. his radiant Power survey,  
Trace all the Wonders of the Skies;  
The Eve, the Morn, the Night, the Day,  
So previous to unerring Eyes.

Then, next, thy charming Self behold,  
So soft, so sweet, so heavenly fair,  
That Love might gaze till Time grew old,  
And but expiring, praise forbear.

When thou these Wonders right have scann'd,  
 Let beauteous *Chloe*'s Heart confess;  
 If it believes so great a Hand,  
 Can deign to act absurd and base.

Say *Chloe*, can it dare suppose  
 That he who those Foundations laid,  
 Can meanly thus his Will disclose,  
 To a poor canting Chamber-maid.

The Thought were meer Impiety,  
 Fell Superstition's early Guide;  
 Thy jarring Passion's Enmity,  
 Thy every Ill that can betide.

Then wake thy lull'd, lethargick Mind,  
 To Wisdom's Precepts, Reason's Rules;  
 For these alone wer't thou design'd,  
 Nor Tool for Knaves, nor Sport for Fools.

Pursue, dear Girl, the glorious Way,  
 And Wisdom's Glories round thee beam;  
 For whilst in Error's Paths you stray,  
 Thy Life's an empty, idle Dream.

*To the Same, on her recommending COWLEY to me to read.*

**T**H O' *Cowley*'s Numbers sweetly flow,  
 And may, perhaps, my Genius fire;  
 Thou more than *Cowley* can'st bestow,  
 A brighter Genius to inspire.

On thee, (believe me) whilst I gaze,  
 I need invoke no Muses Aid,  
 My Heart alone can tell my Lays,  
 How they shou'd sing the charming Maid.

Wou'd Heaven in thee my Bliss comprise,  
 By thee my richest Thoughts I'd dress,  
 I'd draw Persuasion from thy Eyes,  
 And with thy Beauties paint my Verse.



*To the Same.*

**T**ELL me, ye Registers of Fate,  
Why thus my Soul with *Chloe* moves;  
Why I abhor whom she must hate,  
Or why I love whom *Chloe* loves.

Why when she frowns, my every Joy,  
To dark Oblivion sinks away;  
Or why her Smiles my Cares destroy,  
And adds new Sun shine to my Day.

Were she (bright Nymph) some Shepherd Youth,  
Then had I thought the little Loves  
Had bid me quit romantick Truth,  
And only doat whilst Beauty moves.

Said Fortune most compleats our Bliss,  
And Love with that flies swift away;  
That cold's the Touch, that faint's the Kiss,  
When Wealth and Beauty both decay.

But this is something more divine,  
For tho' my *Chloe*'s Charms shou'd fade,  
Her Beauty still to me wou'd shine,  
Still I'd adore the heavenly Maid.

Tho' Fortune shunn'd her every Hour,  
More dear to me wou'd *Chloe* prove,  
Than if the Gods a golden Shower  
Had sent to recompence my Love.

'Tis Friendship, noblest of the Mind,  
'Tis that, that can this Difference make;  
The Links of that in Heaven are join'd,  
Which Time, or Fortune, ne'er can break.

*Written in Mrs. V-----t's Fair Circassian, on her asking me how I lik'd the Poem.*

**S**weetly, indeed, he sung *Saphira*'s Praise,  
But Love and Beauty tun'd alone his Lays;



Ah! cou'd *Saphira* half thy Virtues boast,  
The Poet's Thoughts had been in Wonder lost.

*To a young Lady, who sent me the first Letter she ever wrote.*

GO on, dear Fair, and in each Line impart,  
Joy to the Sense, and Pleasure to the Heart;  
*Minerva's* Wit shall every Word indite,  
And her fair Hand shall guide your Pen to write;  
That you, at length, in all her Arts may shine,  
And prove thy self, as that bright Nymph, divine.

Hail! happy Genius of the youthful Fair,  
That can so soon attain to what's so rare;  
Thus early sought, you early find the way,  
And may you ne'er from early Wisdom stray,  
But be in Virtue, as in this improv'd,  
Excell'd by none, by all, admir'd and lov'd.

*My Farewel to Newington.*

FAREWEL sweet *Newington*, and all thy Trains  
Of busy Fools, where Vice and Folly reigns;  
A long Adieu to all thy flow'ry Meads,  
Thy purling Dikes, and Hogsty's cooling Shades.  
No more, alas, may I behold these Groves,  
Where harmless Pigs, in Grunts, repeat their Loves;  
No more the Screech-owl's pleasing Notes must charm  
My ravish'd Ears, from tow'ring Top of Barn.  
And must I leave thee, charming fair Abode,  
Thy lofty Piles, and stately Walls of Mud;  
Where all around, Delight and Pleasure spring,  
And lovely Toads, in Concert, sweetly sing.  
Sure *Jove* himself might own it not amiss,  
To quit the Skies for such a Place as this;  
My Mind misgives!—it must be *Eaden* fair,  
The Spot which first produc'd the happy Pair.  
Most sure it is, and *Eaden* shalt thou be,  
For *Eves*, and Serpents, most inhabit thee:  
Thy Fruits are ripe,—thy *Eves* are very kind,  
Thy Serpents subtle,—and thy *Adams* Blind;

Sure

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Sure such a Race, will hopeful Products shew,  
And Eaden like, partake of Eaden's Woe.

## *The Maiden's Wish.*

WERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss  
That bounteous Heaven cou'd give,  
'Twou'd be the highest of my Wish,  
On some sweet Plain to live.

Obscure from City, Park, or Play,  
Near Grot's where Flowers spring  
I'd hear contented all the Day  
The Thrush, or Black-bird sing.

Then, in some lonely, shady Grove,  
At Eve, the Gods implore;  
To crown those Joys with him I love,  
And who wou'd wish for more?

## *Written Extempore, in Seneca's Morals.*

FEARLESS, with this, I'll tread the winding Maze  
Of fickle Life, nor Censure mind, nor Praise;  
Let Fortune smile, or frown, what e'er betide,  
I cannot err, whilst Seneca's my Guide.

## *Written Extempore, on Shakespear's Monument.*

BELIEVE me Shakespear, with Regret,  
I tell, what wou'd amaze one;  
Thou hated'st Fools, yet here are set  
A Stock of Fools to gaze on.

## *To a Youth, going to Sea.*

IF thou wilt go, adventurous Youth,  
May Virtue be thy Guide,  
May she, attended still by Truth,  
O'er all thy Ways preside.

May gentle Fortune ever smile,  
And thy Endeavours crown,

Till

Till noisy Fame thy Toils beguile,  
And raise thee to Renown.

So may bold *Boreas* blow no more,  
But *Zephyr's* kindly Gale  
Waft Prayers and Wishes from the Shore,  
Whilst you in Safety sail.

*To a Friend, who took it ill I never wrote in her  
Praise.*

**Y**OU think, dear Girl, I'm not sincere,  
Because I write in other's Praise,  
And whilst I scarce allow you fair,  
With them, too often, swell my Lays.

Believe me, Poets know to feign;  
And Truth in Verse is seldom found;  
Shou'd I in that your Worth proclaim,  
'Twou'd be no more than empty Sound.

But when whole Hours fix'd I gaze,  
Nor can my Eyes once brook Controul;  
'Tis then I truly sing your Praise,  
Since Looks, they say, convey the Soul,

And when with fond Delight I sit,  
To hear you talk, the live long Day,  
Most certain, I approve your Wit,  
Or I shou'd never chuse to stay.

This, *Sylvia*, is the surest Way  
To shew who most admires your Charms;  
For Poets mean not what they say,  
The hollow Drum sounds forth Alarms.

*Contentment, to a Friend.*

**T**HIS small Repast, with her I love;  
By her dear Hand thus neatly dress'd,  
To me is more than if great *Jove*  
Had bid me to an heavenly Feast.

When

When e'er she fills the little Cup,  
(Tho' from the Spring she brings the Treat)  
With eager Joy I drink it up,  
And Nectar ne'er was half so sweet.

The Trencher which she laid herself,  
Tho' plain, and homely to behold,  
Is brighter than the Miser's Pelf,  
When form'd in Plates of shining Gold.

So where we love, the meanest Cell,  
Is Peace, is Pleasure's rich Retreat;  
Whilst gilded Courts, where Monarchs dwell,  
Are Dungeons black, with those we hate.

*To a Friend; on hearing she was grown Proud.*

**B**ELINDA once had every Charm  
That might a mighty World undo,  
Her Eyes the coldest Heart cou'd warm,  
Or make a perjur'd Lover true.

And tho' the Beauties of her Frame  
Was Nature's Master-piece design'd,  
Yet these were Trifles, cou'd you name  
The double Beauties of her Mind.

But since loud Fame, with spreading Wing,  
Her little Soul to Pride betray'd,

*Belinda* is an empty Thing,  
And all her Beauties are decay'd.

*On her late Majesty's Funeral Procession.*

**R**AISE, lovely mourning \* Fair, thy drooping  
Head,  
For Royal *Carolina* is not dead;  
She's only † hither in Procession brought,  
To be with nobler Crowns, and Honours fraught.

\* Her Highness Princess Amelia, who was chief Mourner.

† Westminster-Abbey, where she was crown'd Queen Consort of Great Britain.



'Twas here our *Britons* made her first a Queen,  
 The greatest *Britons* Sons had ever seen;  
 You wept not then, but shew'd a Face of Joy,  
 Which bid the slavish World their Cares destroy.  
 Then, where's the Difference now, 'tis thus, behold,  
 This Crown is Glory, that before was Gold.

*The Reflection.*

WHEN all alone the other Day,  
 My anxious Heart I chid,  
 And told the Sighs it wou'd convey,  
 What little Good they did.

Alas! said I, poor senseless Thing,  
 These Sighs are all in vain;  
 Nor does thy *Strephon* care one Pin,  
 Tho' thou shoud'st burst with Pain.

'Tis true, the Youth once bid thee know  
 His Soul cou'd share thy Lot,  
 But what of that, 'twas long ago,  
 And *Strephon* has forgot.

*Strephon* can now new Faces see,  
 And each can yield Delight;  
*Strephon* can smile, nor think on thee,  
 And *Strephon* sleeps at Night.

Then why shou'd'st thou alone despair,  
 And spend thy Time in vain;  
 Waste Days and Nights, in fruitless Care,  
 For such a faithless Swain.

Ah! cease to chide, reply'd my Heart,  
 Thou little know'st of Love;  
 Tho' I shou'd pine with endless Smart,  
 And he ungrateful prove.

Sooner may Age be chang'd to Youth,  
 Or Mountains flit in Air;  
 Then can a Soul possess'd of Truth,  
 Forget to be sincere.



*On Mr. Whitfield, when his Voyage was hinder'd by the Press.*

**R**eturn, bright Youth, to bless once more our  
Plains,

And with thy Presence cheer the drooping Swains,  
The angry Fates, you see, obstruct your Way,  
And even Kingdoms, jarr, to force your Stay.

Then cross 'em not, but to thy Flock return,  
For well thou know'st, thy Absence much they mourn  
Nor leave us now, in this perplex'd Estate,  
But stay, and with thy Prayers, avert our Fate.

'Twere merely Folly, *France* or *Spain* to fear,  
If you remain our Guardian Angel here;  
Vintners again shall flourish, void of Care,  
And Hackney Coachmen rest secure of Fare.

And thou, O *Kennington*, above the rest,  
So highly honour'd, more than honour'd, bless'd;  
To thee in Throngs, our Heroes shall resort,  
And own thy Gallows fairer than a Court.

'Twas here he proffer'd, for the publick Good,  
Freely to lose his Freedom, or his Blood;  
Whilst antient Matrons Eyes with Tears ran o'er,  
And some, who long had wept, cou'd weep no more.

Then since our Safety is thy only Aim,  
Say thoult abide, and *England's* Peace proclaim:  
Oh! happy Nation! great must be thy Joy,  
When *Gin*, and *Whitfield*, can thy Cares destroy.

*Britannia's Promise: Or, The Loyal Shepherd.*

*Written when the War was proclaim'd against Spain.*

**C**ALM was the Evening, near the Close of Day,  
*Sol* on the Streams had cast his parting Ray;  
The beautiful Flowers reclin'd their sleepy Heads,  
And Nymphs, and Swains, repos'd on mossy Beds:  
The wakeful Nightingale flew o'er the Plain,  
To fix her Station for her nightly Strain.

Now,

Now, Midst the Fountains, in a pleasant Glade,  
Where bending Mountains form'd a cooling Shade;  
Sad *Strephon* waited Death's approaching Call,  
Whilst thus in Tears, he mourn'd his Country's Fall.

Ah, *Britain! Britain!* cry'd the weeping Swain,  
Thy Toils are fruitless, fruitless is thy Pain;  
The haughty *Spaniard* scorns so weak a Foe,  
Thy very Looks, proclaims thy Overthrow.

Where's now thy Generals, whose victorious Hand  
Repell'd thy Foes, and gave thy Youths Command,  
Is O—d now, or mighty *Marlborough* here,  
To shew Examples, and thy Soldiers cheer?

No, coward-like, unable to defend,  
Now must thou fight till Desolation end.  
He could no more, for Sighs had interpos'd,  
The dreadful Scene his Fears at length disclos'd

When in a Trice, presented to his View,  
A lovely Nymph, the Face he thought he knew;  
*Britannia* was her Name, Fame in her Hand,  
She wav'd her Scepter thrice, with this Command.

Cease *Strephon*, cease, I charge thee, cease thy  
Grief,

The Gods above have vow'd thy Land Relief;  
*England* once more her Valour shall retrieve,  
And Laws again to mighty Kingdoms give.

Tho' *Marlborough* is deceas'd, and O—d's fled,  
Let not with them thy valiant Hopes lie dead:  
Here's *Frederick*, *William*, and a thousand more,  
Can do again, what has been done before.

Great *George's* Reign, successful still shall prove,  
Renown'd for Conquests, as 'tis blest'd with Love.

*The benighted Shepherd.* A FABLE.

A Shepherd once had lost his Way,  
And by a Grotto chanc'd to stray;  
A Grot he ne'er had seen before,  
Which rais'd his Wonder, more, and more:  
He view'd the Shades, and Fountains too,  
And swore 'twas beautiful, and new:

What

What Trees are here, what lovely Springs!  
 Here's Meat for Gods, and Drink for King's!  
 Then down he sits him on the Ground,  
 Admir'd the Hills, and Vallies round;  
 The Prospect so engag'd his Heart,  
 He ne'er remember'd to depart:  
 At length, to make my Story short,  
 Came Night, and spoil'd the Shepherd's Sport:  
 The frighted Youth beheld the Gloom,  
 And seem'd to bode some fatal Doom;  
 He curs'd the Scene that charm'd his Stay,  
 And mourn'd, in Tears, his long delay.  
 Ah! simple Swain, what have I done,  
 I shou'd have sought my peaceful Home:  
 Now I, unthinking, filly, Spark,  
 Must grope, and grovel, in the Dark:  
 Perhaps lie mangled on the Ground,  
 Or in some nasty ditch be drown'd.

## The M O R A L.

Thus foolish Mortals, waste their Days,  
 On gilded Toys, deluded gaze;  
 Trace o'er each sinful, vain Delight,  
 For now 'tis Day, 'twill ne'er be Night;  
 Till in some dreadful sudden sort  
 Comes meagre Death, and spoils the Sport.  
 'Tis then they view the dismal Gloom,  
 Expect their just deserved Doom;  
 Bewail in Tears, their lost Estate,  
 Proclaim their Error, when too late:  
 And as the simple Swain has done,  
 Wish they had sought their peaceful Home.

*Look before you Leap.* A F A B L E.

**A**S by the Sea a shepherd stray'd,  
 Who long had lov'd a faithless Maid;  
 And now grown weary of his Life,  
 Concludes to in, and end the Strife.  
 High on a Rock, he mounts with Speed,  
 A Rock, well plac'd for such a Deed;

From

From whence, prepar'd himself to throw  
 To feast the gaping Fish below.  
 He posts him near the very Brink,  
 Can face grim Death, and never shrink :  
 Ah ! farewell *Chloe*, cry'd the Swain,  
 I'll sigh no more for thy Disdain,  
 Yet when I'm gone, you'll weep too late,  
 A wretched Shepherd's lost Estate.  
 Then on his bended knees he falls,  
 And next, to Heaven for mercy calls :  
 Now, having nothing more to do,  
 He hastes his Purpose to pursue ;  
 But ere he takes the fatal Step,  
 Resolves to look, before he'll leap.  
 Then down he casts his mournful eyes,  
 Beholds the Gulph with vast Surprise ;  
 The dreadful Sight soon eas'd his Pain,  
 And down the Rock he crawls again.  
 No, *Chloe*, no, 'tshall ne'er be said,  
 That in that Gulph lies *Strephon* dead :  
 Thy perjurd Sex shall never boast,  
 So true a Swain, so idly lost ;  
 I'll home, and feed my Father's Cows,  
 Secure my Flocks, and mind my Ploughs :  
 And if in Love, again I fall,  
 Another Time shall finish all.

### The MORAL.

Thus oft' on some great Purpose bent,  
 We steer our Course, with Mind intent :  
 Nor think we on the Gulph below,  
 In which our lasting Peace we throw.  
 Now, if, as did the wary Swain,  
 We'd stop to view the boundless Main ;  
 What mighty Ills, might we escape  
 By looking thus before we leap.

*The Moralizing Rook.* A FABLE.

**A** Youth sat, fishing by a Brook,  
 Nigh, on a Tree, an ancient Rook

Who



Who long had harbour'd there secure,  
 And now, of Life, and Lodging sure.  
 As grave as Owl, as Woodcock wise,  
 Down on the Shepherd fix'd her Eyes,  
 And thus began to moralize.  
 Ah! Swain, said she, thy Looks are fair,  
 Yet thy Intent is to ensnare:  
 How calm's thy Brow, how sweet thy Smile;  
 Yet Death's thy Purpose all the while.  
 False Man, for all things ill design'd,  
 So you go on, thro' every Kind;  
 No Trap so vile, but thou can'st set;  
 And all is Fish, that comes to Net;  
 How bless'd am I, thus safe to be  
 From thy deceitful Hook, and thee.  
 She scarce had said, when the young Swain  
 Pull'd forth his Line, to fling again;  
 When in its Way, the dangerous Hook,  
 Lit on the Tree, and catch'd the Rook:  
 And dying now, she finds too late,  
 The thoughtless Error prov'd her Fate.  
 Ah! Fool, cry'd she, why staid I here,  
 When I beheld a Foe so near;  
 To some lone Shade, shou'd I have fled,  
 Where wicked Shepherds never tread.  
 All Birds, henceforth be warn'd by me,  
 And fly whene'er a Man you see;  
 Nor whilst you muse on others Woes,  
 Believe yourselves secure from Foes;  
 Least you like me, your Error find,  
 And fill the Snare for them design'd.

## The MORAL.

So, when some cringing Foe is nigh,  
 Swift, as is Lightning, shou'd we fly;  
 For most he charms, who most beguiles,  
 And Death lies often hid in Smiles.

*The Dream.* A FABLE.

**I**N antient Times, as Sages tell,  
*Sylvia*, and *Collin*, both did dwell  
 Together in a shady Grove,  
 A fit Retreat for Peace and Love.  
 Their Dwelling suited their Intent,  
 Which ne'er was for Ambition bent ;  
 And all young *Collin* wish'd in Life,  
 Was just to live, and please his Wife.  
 The lovely She, as *Venus* fair,  
 Indulg'd her Swain, with Soul sincere ;  
 Nor was she taught (as others do,)  
 Unlawful Pleasures to pursue.  
 Nor envy'd she a higher State,  
 For to be good, to her was great :  
 A fertile Spot, was their Support,  
 To which the Swain did oft' resort ;  
 To watch his Fruits, and plant his Flow'rs,  
 And, in Industry, waste his Hours.  
 One fatal Day, amongst the rest,  
 For ever fix'd in *Collin's* Breast ;  
 As to avoid the sultry Heat,  
 Within a Shade he chose a Seat ;  
 And on his Hand his Head reclin'd,  
 An idle Dream possess'd his Mind :  
 He thought he saw his *Sylvia* dress'd,  
 In Robes of Silk, and of the best.  
 A Train of Courtiers by her Side,  
 And thus a grave Diviner cry'd ;  
 Rise, *Collin*, rise, to Court repair,  
 Thou shalt be made a Monarch there.  
 Thy *Sylvia* too, a Queen shall be,  
 And *Sylvia* sure is dear to thee :  
 Ay, that, quoth *Coll.* you need not doubt ;  
 Then rubs his Eyes, and stares about.  
 Methinks, says he, this Dream is strange ;  
 I'm sure, I wou'dn't wish to change  
 My happy State, a King to be,  
 And yet my *Sylvia's* dear to me.

So said the Sage, it must be so,  
 And since it must, to Court I'll go;  
 For sure for lovely *Silvia's* Sake,  
 A greater Task I'd undertake.  
 Then up he starts, and swift as Wind,  
 He posts, and leaves his Spouse behind;  
 But found at length, the great Event,  
 Was to return just as he went:  
 His little Spot unguarded lay,  
 His Fruits, and Flow'rs, were stoll'n away:  
 And fretting now, his Hands he wrings,  
 Assures 'em, Dreams are idle Things,  
 Which may make Slaves, but never Kings.

## The MORAL.

So, tempted by some dreaming Scheme,  
 Or Words as idle as a Dream;  
 We quit our Peace, and oft' repair,  
 To seek for Castles ---- in the Air:  
 Till thus deceiv'd, at length we find,  
 That Dreams, are Dreams, and Words are Wind.

*The Rose and Poppy.* A FABLE.

**A** Lovely Rose, of beauteous Hue,  
 Once in a spacious Garden grew;  
 A Poppy near, which oft' had seen  
 The stately Flower's haughty Mein;  
 With Envy fir'd, repuls'd her Pride,  
 And thus, in scornful Tauntings cry'd;  
 Vain, silly Rose, you little know,  
 Your Beauty works your Overthrow:  
 For when your curious Master's dress'd,  
 He'll pluck thee, to adorn his Breast;  
 Where, ere the Sun is set, you'll fade,  
 And all your Beauties be decay'd.  
 Then, from his Breast, the careless Swain,  
 Will fling his Rose, with cold Disdain;  
 There trodden under Foot you'll lie,  
 Your Charms forgot, unheeded die.

So on thy Beauty ne'er depend,  
 Since with the Day, its Date may end;  
 Whilst I, who ne'er cou'd boast a Charm,  
 May rest secure from future Harm:  
 By none admir'd, by none I'm sought;  
 But you by all, by all are caught.

## The M O R A L.

Thus, simple Women, whilst admir'd,  
 By Praise made vain, Ambition fir'd;  
 Thinks Fortune's Stores, for them design'd;  
 But ne'er considers, Fortune's blind:  
 Till, like a Flower, their Bloom decay'd,  
 They on some Traytor's Bosom fade:  
 Then, thrown from thence, to ruin run,  
 And She most fair, is most undone.

## O n R E A S O N.

**O** Reason! faithful Guide to Peace,  
 How few are rul'd by thee:  
 How soon might every Discord cease,  
 Wer't thou alone to be

The happy Monarch, whose Command,  
 Might all our Actions sway,  
 Whose gentle Check, whose tender Hand,  
 The Roughest might obey.

No dire Oppression, from afar,  
 Wou'd wreck the Subjects Breast;  
 No courtly Broils, or needless War,  
 Wou'd break the Soldier's Rest.

Religion's pure, unspotted Law,  
 (The sordid Prelates Tool;  
 To keep the Rebel Crew in awe,  
 And cloak the biggot Fool)

Wou'd



Wou'd then, in brightest, Colours shine,  
Reliev'd from black Deceit ;

The harden'd Atheist, turn Divine,  
And Priests forget to cheat ;

No more the Wretched's Cry in vain  
Wou'd reach the Miser's Door ;

No more the Great wou'd Laws maintain  
To rob th' unhappy Poor ;

No more wou'd Innocence betray'd,  
Of Injuries complain ;

No more wou'd sigh the constant Maid,  
For the ungrateful Swain ;

No more wou'd Cruelty be thought  
A Sacrifice Divine ;

No more wou'd impious Men be brought  
To kneel at *Satan's* Shrine ;

No more wou'd the avaritious Knave,  
Betray his Friend for Gold ;

For thou coud'st tell him, in the Grave,  
There's nothing bought, or sold.

And tho' that long ill-gotten Gold  
May feast his Sight to Day,

May not To-morrow's Sun behold,  
Himself to Worms a Prey ?

What's then, mistaken Man ! this Wealth,  
Of which thou mak'st thy Boast ;

Will that from Death procure thee Health,  
Or save the Soul it lost.

Ah ! no, that Judge, severe, yet just ;  
Nor Words, nor Bribe, can charm,

Thy blameless Life, thy Virtues, must  
Alone his Rage disarm.

Wou'd'st thou such endless Riches gain,  
As never can decay ;

Ambition's powerful Charm disdain,  
That short-liv'd Winter's Day.

And

And to be great, be good and wise,  
Be merciful, and brave;  
Do not the Widows Tears despise,  
Or triumph o'er the Slave:

For tho' thou mighty art this Hour;  
A Time at length may be,  
When those thou scorn'st, will mock thy Power,  
And be more fam'd than thee.

Ah! think on this, and be no more,  
The horrid Thing thou art;  
But all thy Guardian's Aid implore  
To fortify thy Heart.

Then, be a Knight in Virtue's Cause,  
And faithful to thy Trust;  
Wou'd'st thou consult but Reason's Laws,  
They'd teach thee to be just.

For where so e'er she doth reside,  
Immortal Crowns are given;  
May she be ever C — t's Guide,  
And point her Way to Heaven.

*The Quiver; Or, Cupid's Prophecy.* A TALE.

N E A R to a Place of antient Fame;  
I think, St. *Catharine's* is its Name:  
There stands a Hill, on that a Court;  
Where Loves, and Graces, oft' resort  
To pass a tedious Hour away,  
And midst the Female Beauties stray;  
For you must know, in Times of old,  
This Court was fam'd for beauteous Mold:  
O! may it still, in Times to come,  
Produce the best, in *Christendom*:  
Here, little *Cupid* (wanton Boy)  
Lost on a Day, his darling Toy,  
A Golden Quiver, full of Darts;  
He'd lately drawn from bleeding Hearts,  
Full well he knew, the subtle Sex  
Created only to perplex;

Wou'd

Wou'd ne'er again the Prize return,  
 But joy to see poor *Cupid* mourn :  
 Unless, by Stratagem he spy'd  
 The Cheat too plain to be deny'd.  
 Just at the Entrance of the Gate,  
 There stands a little close Retreat ;  
 Obscure from any vulgar Eye,  
 Yet *Cupid* mark'd it, passing by ;  
 Hither, the Fair-one's often came  
 To talk of Churchmen, Love, or Fame ;  
 And tell Miss *Betty*, what at Night,  
 In Dreams had yielded most Delight ;  
 The cunning Urchin, justly thought,  
 The Quiver might be thither brought ;  
 For Gossips love, you know, to tell,  
 When ought that's new, have them besel.  
 Pleas'd with the Scheme, he enter'd in,  
 Resolv'd to watch the Girls unseen ;  
 And Gods unseen do often go,  
 To Ladies Chambers, to and fro ;  
 Perch'd on the Knob of *Betty's* Chair,  
 (The only Place for one to hear)  
 Fast sat the God, nor budg'd, nor spoke,  
 When serious *Sall*, first Silence broke ;  
 Bless us ! said she, 'tis somewhat strange,  
 'Tis almost Six, and yet no Change,  
 Scarce had she said, when in came three,  
 As odd old Maids, as you shall see ;  
 Sisters by Birth, and Calling too,  
 Three hopeful Weeds, as ever grew :  
 Witness, the many Nights, and Days,  
 They spend in sounding *Whitfield's* Praise,  
*B --t H-----t* sprightly, young, and gay,  
 Blyth as a Bird in flowery *May*,  
 Next passing by, steps in to see  
 Who plays at Cards, or who drinks Tea ;  
 With smiling Face, and Looks serene,  
 The Emblems of her Soul within ;  
 Looks, never form'd to hide a Cheat,  
 As free from Care, as from Deceit ;

Close

Close after her, with nimble Pace,  
 Deceitful Smile, and fallow Face,  
 Prim *B---t* comes, to none sincere ;  
 A pert, conceited, thoughtless Fair ;  
 Her chief Profession, is, you know,  
 \* Wisdom, and Learning, to bestow ;  
 Of both so liberal, silly Elf,  
 She ne'er keeps any for herself.  
*M---ll B-----b* too, a married she,  
 Fail'd not to head the Company ;  
 A Gossip true, as e'er cou'd cant,  
 An Hypocrite, as e'er look'd Saint ;  
 Her early Thoughts she fix'd on Men,  
 Yet trifles still, like Girls of Ten ;  
 With some, not worthy to rehearse,  
 Whose very Names, wou'd spoil my Verse :  
 Seated they were, and fix'd in Chat,  
 Of idle Stories, this, and that ;  
 Scandals were undeserv'dly rais'd,  
 Many were censur'd, few were prais'd.  
 By one, a Secret long conceal'd,  
 To *Bet* in Whispers, is reveal'd,  
 Another prates of Mode, and Dress,  
 And each, her way, her Thoughts confess ;  
 But not one Word about the Quiver,  
 Did any Mortal once deliver.  
 Discourse at length was almost ended,  
 And anxious *Cupid's* Hopes suspended ;  
 When deck'd in Beauty's Pomp, appear'd  
 The brightest Nymph that e'er endear'd ;  
 So sweet her Face, so soft her Air ;  
 She's fairest deem'd, where all are fair :  
 The trembling Boy beholds her come,  
 And fears to meet a fatal Doom ;  
 Thinking at first, 't had been his Mother,  
 For scarce you'd know the one from t'other :  
 But when approach'd to nearer View,  
 His dear *Maria*, well he knew ;

\* *This Person was a School Mistress.*

And Neighb



And saw his Quiver on her Breast,  
 A Place, where only Gods shou'd rest.  
 Perplex'd, that she, whom most he lov'd,  
 His direst Enemy had prov'd;  
 He dropt his Bow, and with a Sigh,  
 Cry'd tell me Charmer, tell me why,  
 Thy faithful Slave so long I've been,  
 So oft' avow'd thee Beauty's Queen,  
 Yet thus rewarded, am at last,  
 For all my tender Service past;  
 Was it for this, the other Day,  
 When by your Side, I wing'd my Way;  
 I made the Beaux in Crowds admire,  
 And on the \* Wharf, set all on Fire.  
 Ingrateful Girl, relieve my Pain,  
 Return that Quiver back again;  
 Which on thy snowy Bosom lies,  
 And Tears have drawn from Cupid's Eyes.  
 The Nymph surpriz'd, thus blushing said,  
 Prithee excuse a harmless Maid;  
 Upon my Word, I knew it not,  
 Nor how your Quiver thither got:  
 Except, when playing with my Hair,  
 To string your Bow, you dropt it there;  
 I boast no Pride in wounding Hearts,  
 Or ever wish'd for Cupid's Darts.  
 Be Peace, and Wisdom, only mine,  
 Your Quiver freely I resign:  
 He bow'd, and clapp'd his Wings for Joy,  
 O! happy Cupid, prosperous Boy!  
 O! doubly happy, be the Fair,  
 That thus have eas'd thy anxious Care;  
 Then hovering o'er her lovely Head,  
 He, ere he flew, prophetick said;  
 Since Peace, and Wisdom's thy Request,  
 Of all Desires, sure the best!  
 That thou shalt seek, nor seek in vain,  
 For thou shalt every Wish obtain:

\* Tower Wharf, a Place where the young Inhabitants of that Neighbourhood generally take their Evening's Walk.

Virtue, Sincerity, and Truth,  
 Shall be thy Guides, and learn thy Youth,  
 For these, are Wisdom's darling Friends,  
 And won't deceive for private Ends :  
 But teach thy Soul such lively Joy,  
 As Death, or Fate, can ne'er destroy.  
 So, when old Time thy Form shall fade,  
 And outward Beauties be decay'd ;  
 Even Foes, (if Foes you have) shall say,  
 That Nymph has Charms, which can't decay :  
 He stopp'd, then careless took his Flight,  
 In *Venus's* Arms to spend the Night ;  
 And left the frighted Crew to gaze,  
 Struck dumb by Wonder, in a Maze ;  
 Till each with Envy, droop'd her Head,  
 Bid *Bet* good Night, and sneak'd to Bed.

## To CLOE.

**A**S thro' the fond admiring Croud,  
 Gay *Cloe* trip'd along ;  
 And Courtier like, fair Smiles bestow'd,  
 To sooth the wishing Throng.

Stay *Cloe*, -- stay, -- Cried out the Love,  
 That always tends the Fair ;  
 If e'er thy Heart shou'd cease to rove,  
 I prithee, fix it there.

Midst that bright Croud, there stands a Youth,  
 Well known to Love and Fame ;  
 In whose great Soul, thy self and Truth,  
 Co-equal Partners reign.

No sensual Hope, or vain Desire  
 Of being talk'd thy Slave ;  
 No short-liv'd Flame, which soon expire,  
 As fated Bliss deprave.

When Art, and Beauty, please no more,  
 And even I've resign'd ;  
 That Sense that prais'd the Face before,  
 Will still adore the Mind.

Ha!--say'st thou!--*Cupid!*--tell me who?  
 In Rapture answer'd She;  
*Strepson* approach'd,--the Boy withdrew,  
 And softly cried--'tis he.

*To a Young Lady who desir'd me to write some Lines on  
 the Pleasure she found in a lonely Rural Retirement.*

Since your Request, my favourite Fair,  
 My feeble Muse inspire;  
 Attend,--forgive,--or if she dare  
 A nobler Fate desire;

Weigh light her Faults,--and smiling say,  
 --The Piece was well design'd;  
 And tho' you can't approve the Lay,  
 At least--accept the Mind.

Oh! cou'd my Sense such Prospects scan,  
 As Wisdom's Force cou'd give;  
 In spite of Art's unfinish'd Plan,  
 My matchless Theme shou'd live.

My Verse shou'd with my Wishes soar,  
 To thee new Temples raise;  
 'Till Sense and Art cou'd charm no more,  
 And Time grew Deaf with Praise.

But we, to humbler Views confin'd,  
 No lofty Summits boast;  
 No healing Dews,--no soothing Wind,  
 To cheer our barren Coast.

The shallow Stream that swells my Muse,  
 Receives no friendly Shower;  
 The splendid Train their Gems refuse,  
 To dress her empty Bower,

No Strength her poor Foundations fix,  
 No Day her Night succeeds;  
 And balmy Sweets disdain to mix  
 Amidst her tasteless Weeds.

Then, say--can we thy Praises sing?  
 And, yet, we boldly dare,  
 To greet thee Empress of the Spring,  
 More sweet,--and twice as fair.

Oh! ever happy! ever gay!  
 May all thy Moments prove?  
 May all thy Years be flow'ry May,  
 Adorn'd with blooming Love.

May thorny Brakes of fading Care,  
 Be rooted from thy Plains;  
 And may thy Shepherds be sincere,  
 As is thy Poet's Strains.

Shou'd gilded Pomp thy Peace invade,  
 Or noisy Shew intrude;  
 May still thy Thoughts be humble Shade,  
 And heavenly Solitude.

May Joy, and Truth, inspir'd by those,  
 Thy Soul's Companions be;  
 Or, if a Third shou'd interpose,  
 Ah! let it--Love--be me.

*On seeing a Leaf blown to and fro by the Wind, which  
 at length rested on the Author's Bosom.*

GO,—busy Emblem of the Fair,  
 To *Delia's* Breast thy Flight pursue;  
 Go,—tell her—you resemble her,  
 As light,—as worthless,—and untrue.

Tell her,—like thee, with ev'ry Blast,  
 Her gee-gaw Friendships come and go;  
 Too small to strike,—too weak to last,  
 A giddy,—airy,—empty Show.

Go,—tell her this,—and bid her see,  
 How pale thou look'st since yesterday;  
 False *Delia's* Bloom shall change like thee,  
 As unlamented,—fade away.

Thus,



Thus,—with a Breath I thee remove,  
 Thou little Ape of senseless Youth ;  
 So blown to Air be *Delia's* Love.  
 Her brittle Vows,—and faded Truth.

*On Delia and Silvia.*

WHen e'er I view bright *Delia's* Form,  
 In Wonder lost, I trembling gaze ;  
 Her Cheeks surpass the blushing Morn,  
 Her Eyes the Sun's inferior Rays.

As faithful Souls to Altars go.  
 With sacred Awe,—I slowly move ;  
 Like them,—incessant Praise bestow,  
 Like them,—adore that Heav'n of Love !

But when I'm absent from the Fair,  
 The weak Idea swiftly flies,  
 And leaves my Breast as free as Air,  
 The Poison only catch'd the Eyes.

But when by *Silvia's* Side I sit,  
 Soft Rapture glows in ev'ry Vein ;  
 Like Light'ning darts her keener Wit,  
 And bids my Soul her Worth proclaim.

Tho' *Silvia* every Charm cou'd boast,  
 By *Venus* form'd, for Love design'd ;  
 The Beauties all to me were lost,  
 In greater Beauties,—*Silvia's* Mind.

So, tho' I'm absent from the Fair,  
 Her wond'rous Worth can ne'er depart ;  
 My lovely *Silvia's* always near,  
 I wear her Virtues in my Heart.

*To a Lady, who having a Cold in her Eye, wore a Piece  
of Silk over it.*

**A**S by his fav'rite *Flavia's* Side,  
Enamour'd *Cupid* smiling stood,  
Survey'd the Nymph in all her Pride,  
And view'd the fond admiring Crowd.

Each Glance she gave,--each heaving Breast  
Proclaim'd the wretched Youth's undone;  
Nay,--ev'n Beaux,--the Force confest,  
And vainly strove their Fate to shun.

Now,--cried the Boy,--too late I've found,  
Why Beauty's Queen neglected lies;  
Why *Cupid's* Darts have fail'd to wound,  
Tho' Swains in Number, hourly dies.

To me--no more their Vows they pay,  
No more my empty Shrine adore;  
To *Flavia's* Eyes their Wounds they lay,  
Of *Flavia's* Eyes, the Balm implore.

Ah, cruel Fair! reverse the Doom,  
Nor let Love's God desire in vain;  
He dealt thee Power; thus to assume  
Imperial Sway, usurps his Reign.

Good natur'd *Flavia*,--free as Air,  
Nor Foe to Love,--or soft Desire;  
Assur'd the God, she'd frankly share,  
And draw a Veil o'er half the Fire.

Forbear, bright Nymph,--both Stars display,  
Nor let the Sun his Lustre loose;  
While they decline, refulgent Day,  
But half his Lights o'er Heaven diffuse.

Since what they wound thy Charms can heal,  
The Pains may gladly be endur'd;  
And, who wou'd not worse Tortures feel,  
To be so sweetly, sweetly cur'd.

*Cupid's*

## Cupid's Ramble. A Tale.

**C**UPID play'd Truant on a Day,  
 And to fair *London* wing'd his Way,  
 Where, like a Thief, about the Town,  
 He skulk'd in Corners up and down,  
 In Fear, lest some malicious Fair  
 Should know the God of Love was there;  
 And to revenge the Loss of Hearts,  
 Secure himself, or else his Darts;  
 A Whim at length came in his Head,  
 As *Cupid* oft' has Whims, 'tis said;  
 A cringing Courtier he appears,  
 And strait to Court the Idiot steers;  
 But, tho' disguis'd, they knew his Face,  
 And Love at Court cou'd get no Place.  
 Dismay'd at this, away he flies,  
 An antient Structure he espies;  
*Westminster-Hall* it chanc'd to be,  
 Where honest Lawyers take a Fee;  
 A Council here he stiles himself,  
 In hopes to paum the Client's Pelf;  
 But dounce a single Souce got he,  
 For Love and Law cou'd ne'er agree;  
 A Doctor next, he boasts his Arts,  
 The only Cure for wounded Hearts;  
 But not a Patient cou'd be found,  
 The People's Hearts were safe and sound.  
 At length to *Drury* goes the Lad,  
 And who'd go there, that wasn't mad?  
 Where Vice in every Place abound,  
 Where Friend to Love was never found;  
 Where foul Desire, and Hope of Gain,  
 Is all the Honour they maintain:  
 However, tho' he this foresaw,  
 Necessity has now no Law;  
 To pretty *Sally* he applies,  
 He view'd good Nature in her Eyes;  
 Her Page, or Lackey, fain he'd be,  
 To fetch her Spark,--or make her Tea:

Oh! may fair *Venus* never know,  
 Her wretched Son has stoop'd so low;  
 From her bright Palace,--froward Imp!  
 To *Drury-lane* to be a Pimp.  
 But here his Schemes were laid aside,  
 For *Sally* ne'er cou'd Love abide:  
 She ken'd the God,--sly cunning Jade,  
 And fear'd his Stay shou'd spoil her Trade.  
 Since here no Succour cou'd be found,  
 He stroll'd the Countries round and round;  
 At length he spy'd an humble Cell,  
 Perchance, said he, Love here may dwell;  
 Then at the Portret rap'd aloud,  
 And as he enter'd blush'd, and bow'd;  
 For none he e'er had seen before,  
 Compar'd with her who op'd the Door;  
 Tho' plain her Drefs, her Looks were sweet,  
 So Innocence and Virtue meet.  
 Hail, heav'nly Dwelling! *Cupid* cried,  
 Where such unbounded Bliss abide;  
 Then, on his Knees--Bright Maid, said he,  
 Behold, the God of Love you see;  
 Nor can Disguise, or Fear of Harms,  
 Conceal me from thy matchless Charms.  
 And art thou *Cupid*, said the Maid,  
 Who has so many Hearts betray'd?  
 Wound not so poor a Breast as mine,  
 As yet no Vot'ry to thy Shrine;  
 Ah! fear thee not,--here let me stay,  
 I'll throw my pois'nous Darts away;  
 I'll burn my Quiver,--break my Bow,  
 For Love can ne'er be Virtue's Foe.  
 The Nymph consented,--in he went,  
 And to this Moment finds Content;  
 When e'er his Mother looks awry,  
 To this fair Cottage doth he fly;  
 Hid in the Down of *Nancy's* Breast,  
 Of more, and greater Joys posselt,  
 Than were he in the gilded Train,  
 Or Monarch o'er the World to reign;

Sweat



Sweet Nancy's Eyes are now his Darts,  
With them alone he conquers Hearts.

*The W I S H.*

WITH Thoughts disturb'd,--perplex'd I rove,  
Nor fill'd with Jealousy, nor Love;  
Nor care I what attends the Great,  
Or do I wish for Pomp, or State.  
And Wealth to me's an idle Toy,  
What every Blockhead may enjoy.  
All I desire's an humble Cell,  
Where Peace and Truth, unenvy'd dwell;  
Retir'd from Crowds of busy Fools,  
That break my Rest, or spoil my Rules,  
And like their ancient Sire, the Devil,  
Are still projecting some new Evil.  
With this same Cottage, bounteous Heav'n!  
Let some small Competence be given,  
Just to subsist,--and nothing more,  
But as they say,--*Keep Wolf from Door.*  
And if the Sum of all you'd send,  
Some kind Companion, faithful Friend,  
With whom alone to spend my Days,  
To whom alone to tune my Lays;  
Then if a Grief enslav'd my Mind,  
The careful Friend a Cure shou'd find;  
Or if a Joy o'erflow'd my Breast,  
Partook by both, 'twou'd be increas'd.  
But since so hard it is to find,  
A Spark of Truth in human kind,  
I'll hope not that,--but gladly be  
Content with sweet Philosophy;  
To that I'll sing, to that I'll talk,  
With that I'll sleep, with that I'll walk;  
Or if in Doubts I wander o'er  
A thousand Paths untrod before,  
I'll ask of *Seneca* my Way,  
Nor, if he guides me, fear to stray.  
Grant me but this, ye Powers divine,  
And all that you can give, were mine.

*On being desired to describe the happy State of two  
Lovers.*

**M**INERVA, gentle Goddess, aid my Pen,  
Inspire my Thoughts with Energy divine,  
So like thy own, that in each Line may flow,  
Beauty, and Wit, soft Eloquence, and Love;  
For sure such Merit as I wou'd describe,  
Cou'd ne'er be known to any Fair but thee.  
If Verse, that pleasing Sound, yields most Delight,  
O, teach me, how in Verse to charm the Soul,  
'Till that dear Pair, of whom I'd ever sing,  
Listens,--approves,--and smiling, seems to say  
I hav'n't done 'em Wrong.  
Methinks, I hear the Goddess thus reply,  
Incens'd reply,--Vain, silly Girl, forbear:  
Nor thus presumptuously thy Hand prepare  
To write their Praise.  
As some bad Painter, whose unskilful Art,  
Nor can attract the Eyes, or glad the Heart;  
'Tho' once that Beauty which he meant to draw,  
Perhaps had kept the *Roman* World in Awe;  
Now form'd by him,--these fallow Cheeks, that Eye,  
Is undistinguish'd, past regardless by:  
So wou'd thy feeble Muse their Worth rehearse,  
And by thy Want of Skill, make merit less,  
Cou'dst thou describe the blisful State above,  
The Angel's Meekness,--and the Maker's Love:  
The Sun's bright Truth,---the constant Streams that  
flow,  
From rocky Summits to the Vales below;  
The tender Friendships of those Guardian guides,  
Who o'er the Ways of pious Men presides;  
The sweetest Peace that virtuous Minds possess,  
Nor shock'd by Time,--nor made by Envy less:  
Cou'dst thou do this,--as sure no Mortal can,  
Then might you shew this Nymph, and happy Man.

*On*

*On a Country Lady.*

**O**bscure from City Toils, and courtly Pride,  
 Near Sylvan Scenes, where burl'ng Waters glide,  
 Where small Birds sing, and tender Lambkins play,  
 Where Innocence and Pleasure pass'g Time away :  
 There, free from Cares, save only love-sick Smart,  
 Reigns charming *Molly*, Queen of every Heart ;  
 The fair One ne'er in shining Courts have been,  
 Nor the polite ensnaring World has seen,  
 Yet she has Virtue, Wit, and Beauty store,  
 And what can Courts, or Cities boast of more.

*On the Death of a young Lady.*

**O** Cruel Death ! How fatal was thy Dart,  
 To plunge so deep in such a tender Heart ;  
 Sure *Cloe's* Beauty might have charm'd thy Breast,  
 To've let her live to make her Lovers blest ;  
 Or did it charm indeed, and thou hast meant,  
 To keep unto thyself that lovely Saint ?  
 Or did thy Envy curs'd the fair One see,  
 So fear'd her Eyes shou'd conquer more than thee.

*The RESOLVE.*

**A**S from my Breast, the other Day,  
 My *Strepson's* Name I drew,  
 Who cou'd my Heart, said I, survey,  
 The same might plainly view.

I took my Pen,--thus boldly spoke,  
 I'll here erase the Name,  
 Then read my Heart,--and found the Stroke  
 Had blotted there the same.

*On two Sisters.*

*M*<sup>O</sup>*LLY* is pretty,  
 And *Betty* is witty,

*Molly*

*Molly* is awkward,  
 And *Betty*'s genteel.  
 Too feign'd a Reservedness deceives you in *Molly*,  
 But *Betty* without Affectation is gay.  
*Molly* can smile,  
 And an Artist beguile,  
 For her Heart and her Tongue but seldom agree,  
 But *Betty*'s Behaviour in every kind Action,  
 Declares that her innocent Heart is as free.  
*Molly*'s fair Looks she but lends with her Favours,  
 Whilst *Betty* with Freedom bestows 'em on all,  
*Molly* too greatly esteems her small Beauty,  
 And prizes those Eyes that were made for her Fall.  
 'Tis true, she has Charms enough for a Lover,  
 Who wishes his Mistress in Bed may be kind,  
 Yet had she as many as Art can discover,  
 My Choice shou'd be *Betty*,---her Shape,--and her  
 Mind.

## True Love.

WHEN absent from *Collin*,  
 No Joy can I find;  
 Dejected in Person,  
 Uneasy in Mind;  
 Nor Mirth, Shew, nor Palace,  
 Can render me Ease,  
 But whilst with my *Collin*,  
 A Dungeon can please.

*On being ask'd, why I prais'd a Person whom I knew  
 had Faults:*

SILVIA has Crimes,--her busy Foes rehearse,  
 That she has Crimes, we know,--nay, must confess.  
 And shew me now *that* Fair can boast of less.  
*Silvia*, has Merits too, deserving Praise,  
 And Merits, that the Crimes by far out-weighs;  
 The too, too partial World, is blind to these.  
 Cou'd she commit what Thought can ne'er devise,  
 The Faults I'd blame,--yet, still, the Merits prize.

INCON.



## I N C O N S T A N C Y.

**I** Wonder not that like a Swan,  
Great *Jove* descended from above;  
For had the God appear'd a Man,  
Perhaps the *Nymph* had scorn'd his Love.

So much to change is Woman prone,  
The newest Face secures her Heart;  
Nor could she long admire her own,  
Did Nature not give Place to Art.

To-day in *Strephon's* Arms is seen,  
She who to-morrow flies the Swain;  
So since the World begun they've been,  
So till it ends, will they remain.

## F O R T U N E.

**B**ELIEVE me, Fortune is a Cheat,  
And whom she favours most to-day,  
Tho' counted wise; nay, good and great,  
To-morrow is each Blockhead's Prey:

Such Ups and Downs attends her Reign,  
Her largest Gifts oft Ruin brings;  
Nor does she leave the humble Swain  
Exempt from Cares, or spares the Kings.

Then none but Ideots wou'd attend,  
Her fickle Courts, where Harlots dwell;  
Give me, ye Gods! a faithful Friend,  
And I'll defy her, in a Cell.

*The Happy Cbler. A Fable.*

**A** Cbler who in Town had been,  
And many Ups and Downs had seen;  
Knew what was said, and what was done,  
And who had Wit, and who had none;  
Grown wiser still, at length he spies,  
That one Man's Fall's the other's Rise;

That

That foul Ambition Faction brings,  
 To rear up Knaves, and pull down Kings:  
 Pleas'd with his Fate, he hugs himself,  
 From Envy free, whilst free from Pelf.  
 He dreads no Robbers in the Night,  
 No Loss of Wealth his Dreams afright;  
 Ambition ne'er enslaves his Breast,  
 The lowest Seat's the safest Rest;  
 He climbs no higher than his Stall,  
 The greater Height, the greater Fall;  
 No States are levell'd at his Crown,  
 No Plots are laid to pull him down:  
 For why,—says he,—I, happy Man,  
 Can be no lower than I am;  
 And greater than a King is he,  
 That thus can live, and think like me.

*Written extempore under a Bunch of Shamaroeks (otherwise call'd, Three Faces under a Hood) on St. Patrick's Day.*

**B**Ehold the Saint, by just Decree of Fate,  
 From little Causes, wond'rous Truths relate;  
 See this,—he cries,—hence know, *Hibernia's* kind,  
 Has several Faces to one Body join'd.

*On the present Troubles.*

**T**HO' meagre Envy with a rancour'd Soul,  
 Shall view my Britons Arms with Conquest crown'd,  
 Tho' Rome shall mourn the Force she can't controul,  
 And wish her stately Structures level Ground;  
 Still shall her juster Cause, supremely great!  
 Fell Bigot's Hopes, and Frenchmen's Guile defeat.

#### A S O N G.

**A**S Collin and Delia one Moon shiny Night,  
 Brisk over the Meadows trip'd gayly along,

The

The Goddess befriended the Boy with her Light,  
And the Nightingale favour'd the Nymph with a Song.

The soft playing Zephyrs breath'd Odours more sweet,  
Than the Vales of *Arabia* had ever possess'd;  
And the lillywhite Dazies sprung under her Feet,  
As ambitious to vye with the Snow on her Breast.

Withdraw, fickle Mistress, thy pale borrow'd Light,  
We lack but thy Aid when my *Delia*'s away;  
In plain native Beauty she sparkles more bright,  
Than thy self, or thy Brother, proud God of the Day.

Away, silly Nightingale, silence thy Throat,  
You heard not my *Delia*, how sweetly she sung;  
What Lark, Thrush, or Blackbird, can equal her Note,  
To the soft killing Musick that dwells on her Tongue?

A Fig for thy Whiteness, thou vain little Flower,  
We gaze not on Trifles when *Delia* is here,  
Thy poor fading Beauties are gone in an Hour,  
But those of my *Delia*'s are fresh all the Year.

And thou busy Zephyrus, thou too may'st retire,  
We want not thy Odours our Joys to compleat;  
One Kiss from my *Delia* more Raptures inspire,  
Than thee, or thy Woodbines, tho' never so sweet.

*The Despairing Nymph.*

**B**EAR me some Power, to *Windsor*'s shady Groves,  
The Scene of Monarchs, Gods, and Shepherd's  
Loves;

Perhaps the Swain who has my Heart betray'd,  
Is there caressing some more happy Maid.  
Happy indeed? the favour'd Nymph may be,  
Fairer, nay richer too, than wretched me;  
Tho' gilded Charms unwary Youths pursue,  
Gay *Windsor* ne'er cou'd boast a Nymph so true;  
My constant Heart can jealous Fears remove,  
And what I want in Wealth, -I'll pay in Love.  
But if those Shades denies a Maid Relief,  
And my Love's Absence, still augments my Grief;  
With

With my last Breath I'll there repeat his Name,  
Then, like *Lodona*, weep me to a Stream,  
And Tribute pay with her to flowing *Thame*. }

*To a Friend, after a Quarrel.*

**I**N vain you strive to act a cruel Part,  
Your gentle Looks betray your tender Heart;  
Those harmless Frowns, can ne'er thy Soul disguise,  
The kind Forgiveness sparkles in your Eyes;  
Oh, matchless Goodness! so allied to Heav'n,  
We but offend—in hopes to be forgiven.

VIRTUE and FORTUNE. *A Fable.*

**V**irtue and Fortune, met one Day,  
And Virtue thus began the Fray;  
Thou blind misguided Monster, why  
Am I forsaken, forc'd to fly  
To lonely Shades to hide my Head,  
Whilst Knaves and Fools in Pomp are sed?  
Fortune reply'd,—Cease, Virtue, cease,  
Thy Tongue's so blunt, it cannot please,  
Thy Words and Acts, are both so plain,  
Thoul't ne'er gain ought—except thy Name.

*On the Thaw of the late Great Frost in 1740.*

**N**OW, like thyself, sweet *Thames* glide boldly on,  
The dreadful Foe who stop'd thy Course is gone;  
Gone to some distant Clime to reign secure,  
Where neither *Sols*, nor Springs Insults are sure:  
Now, uncontroul'd, safe o'er thy Bosom send  
The plenteous stores, on which our Hopes depend;  
Thy long afflicted *Charons* now relieve,  
And with thy wonted Smiles, their Smiles retrieve:  
So may'st thou ever roll, sweet silver *Thames*!  
Thee, and thy *Briton*, both exempt from Chains.

RIENDSHIP.



## FRIENDSHIP.

**F**riendship!--compos'd of Nothing but the Name;  
 Thou seeming Good, that do all Ills contain;  
 By Knaves contriv'd; to make their Plottings sure,  
 Who boast of Friendship,---Friendship,--still allure.  
 Great Int'rest bears alone the subtle Sway,  
 In Sight of that---true Friendship flies away:  
 If golden Friendships can encrease their Store,  
 Oh! how they'll friend it?--till you friend no more:  
 How seldom Friendships reach the friendless Poor.  
 Would'st thou be happy, learn thee to be wise,  
 Trust not in Friendship, all her Arts despise,  
 The World's betray'd thro' Friendship's fair Disguise;  
 With me resolve, and never want a Friend,  
 In none confide,--and do on none depend;  
 I find none false,--for I in none believ'd,  
 And never trusting, ne'er can be deceiv'd.

*Simile, to a Friend.*

**A**S by a pleasant River's Side,  
 One Night I chanc'd to rove;  
 To see the Crystall Waters glide,  
 And meditate on Love.

The little Fish in harmless Play  
 The glassy Surface skim;  
 Nor envy Kings, less Great than they,  
 Whilst wantonly they swim.

'Twas then I sigh'd, and thought on thee;  
 Unhappy, lovely Fair,  
 Cou'dst thou thy own Resemblance see,  
 You'd justly know it there.

Thus you, regardless of your Fate,  
 The tempting Way pursue;  
 At length you'll meet the treachrous Bait,  
 And Ruin must ensue.

To

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*To a Gentleman, who wrote in Praise of his Mistress.*

**B**ELIEVE me, *Strepbon*, when I say,  
'Twere vain to write of *Mira's* Praise,  
*Mira* is witty, young, and gay,  
And *Mira* sings, and *Mira* plays.

Yet *Mira* is a Woman still,  
I long have found, and so will you,  
That, let the Sex say what they will,  
But few, alas, were ever true.

Then, what's a Face, a Shape, or Air ?  
Beauty in Animals we see ;  
If *Mira's* Soul is not sincere,  
Her Form's a worthless Lump---to me.

*To the Same.*

**F**YE, *Strepbon*, fyè, too silly Swain,  
Are all these Tears for *Mira* shed ?  
Do'st thus in fruitless Grievs complain,  
And pale thy Cheeks 'cause hers are red ?

Hast thou not oft been heard to say,  
You knew the Sex, and none were true ?  
Then why shou'dst thus thy self dismay,  
Tho' *Colin* is prefer'd to you ?

Besides, Revenge will soon o'ertake  
The Youth who now enjoys her Charms ;  
For she'll To-morrow him forsake,  
And yield her to *Amintor's* Arms.

*The Happy Life.*

**W**ITH thee, contented, cou'd I ever dwell,  
Fix'd to some Cottage, or some lonely Cell,  
That lonely Cell, wou'd dearer be to me,  
Than gilded Palaces, depriv'd of thee.  
I'd envy not the Courtier's slothful Ease,  
My chief Delight shou'd daily be to please ;

Happy

Happy at Night, if you approv'd my Toil,  
And doubly rewarded by a Smile.

Cou'd those above, on Earth such Bliss bestow,  
Inhabit there, who wou'd,—I'd live below.

*To the Same.*

**M**IGHT I with thee, my future Moments spend,  
Thou charming Lover,—thou improving Friend ;  
With thee, my Residue of Life run o'er,  
And lag in melancholy Paths no more.  
In those sweet Shades, in thy dear Arms I'd lie,  
Contented live,—nor discontented die ;  
Thy lively Wit shou'd every Sense improve,  
And make my Joys extensive as my Love.  
These Shades alone, my pleasing Bounds shou'd be,  
For all things else, shou'd be compriz'd in thee ;  
With thee each Scene, more lovely still wou'd grow,  
And R——d Hill look green, 'midst Winter's Snow.

*Pleasures of Sleep.*

**I**N vain wou'd Fate endeavour to divide  
A Heart from yours, which Heaven to yours have  
tied ;

Nor cruel Absence can appear my Foe,  
For still I'm with thee, wheresoe'er you go.

My constant Soul at Evening to thee flies,  
Regardless how its helpless Prison lies ;  
Views all thy Beauties, wanders o'er thy Charms,  
And reaps a thousand Blissess in thy Arms.

Guards all thy Slumbers with assiduous Care,  
And boasts itself thy better Angel there ;  
Clings round thy Neck,—to thy soft Bosom lies,  
And on thy Lips dissolves in melting Sighs.

*To Delia.*

**W**HEN first I sought to know my *Delia's* Mind,  
I thought her witty, innocent, and kind ;

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*Sincere,*

Sincere, and plain, from Affectation free,  
 Her Words and Thoughts, both sway'd by Modesty.  
 Void of Restraint, yet nice in all her Ways,  
 To Censure slow, but lavish in her Praise;  
 Strict in her Honour, steady in her Love,  
 A Foe to Pride, and good as those above.  
 Endearing to her Friends, true to her Trust,  
 To all obliging, and to none unjust;  
 But found at length, I knew than this no more,  
 That she was false,--which Hundreds knew before.

*To the Same.*

**H**OW often *Delia*, have I said  
 A Woman once was true;  
 And whilst I others Crimes display'd,  
 Fix'd all their Good on you.

Too soon deceiv'd, I thought you so,  
 Nay, thought you so alone;  
 Till prov'd Experience let me know,  
 The Sex was all in one.

For thou can'st smile,-- deceitful Smile!  
 When most you wou'd betray;  
 Can fawn, can flatter, can beguile,  
 Can love,---about a Day.

Can barter Friendship for a Toy,  
 And each new Face adore;  
 Can charm, like *Syrens*, to destroy,  
 And what can all do more.

*To Strephon.*

**A**S does the Sun, yon shine alike on all,  
 Nor one peculiar Influence lets fall;  
 The Witty, Fair, the Homely, Proud, and Vain,  
 Your languid Smiles, with equal Share obtain.  
 Then, who wou'd wish to live on that kind Breast,  
 Where every Fool by turns may be caress't?

No,



No, let me rather thus distinguish'd be,  
Spare once thy Smiles,—and cast a Frown on me.

## A FAREWELL.

**A** Long Farewel,——since we must part,  
Accept this last Adieu ;  
Yet, be assur'd, the faithful Heart  
Shall still remain with you.

True as the Soul of Constancy,  
And just, as e'er was Friend  
Who wou'dn't fawn thro' Fallacy ;  
Or flatter for an End.

Tho' Time and Absence, can employ  
The never wearied Eye,  
Still in my Mind, will I enjoy  
A Form that ne'er can die.

Thy dear Idea,—best belov'd,  
Is there for ever plac'd ;  
Which ne'er shall be by Time remov'd,  
Or Objects new defac'd.

*To a young Lady, who had no good Quality herself, yet  
frequently found Faults in her Acquaintance.*

**W**HEN pretty Nancy views within her Glass,  
The borrow'd Charms, which new adorn her  
Face ;

Full of her self, and prompt by vain Desire,  
Resolves to go, and set the World on Fire.  
Fatal Resolve ! —unhappy Swain beware,  
For Nancy swears, she'll not one Mortal spare,  
No not the P—n, at his pious Prayer :  
And sure the Nymph can never fail Success,  
Whose artful Hand can with such Niceness dress ;  
Whose Soul disdains what homely Nature gave,  
And scorns to be to Honour's Rules a Slave ;  
No virtuous Thoughts incumber Nancy's Breast,  
And plain Sincerity's a vulgar Jest ;

Her

Her noble Mind abhors the Name of Friend,  
 Yet she can flatter,——for a private End;  
 And whilst her Words with seeming Kindness please,  
 Can censure those who most deserves her Praise.  
 O happy Genius! which so well can prove  
 In one affected Air, Deceit and Love;  
 Enchanting Tongue!——thou Engine of her Wit,  
 Which ne'er lay still,—and ne'er was tired yet:  
 The Prude to thee may all her Craft resign,  
 And the Coquet may own her Talent thine.  
 Let other Maids in native Beauties shine,  
 Perfect as *Venus*,—or as Heav'n divine;  
*Nancy's* refinish'd Form, from nicer Art,  
 Imprints an Image on each Ploughman's Heart.  
 Go on, bright Fair, nor let pale Envy say,  
 You ruled the Chariot, only for a Day;  
 Fire every Heart with your attractive Charms,  
 And boldly take each Shepherd to your Arms;  
 Then all shall own (who e'er repeats your Name)  
 The Nymph had Kindness, equal to their Flame.

*Written on St. Valentine's Day, for a Gentleman to send  
 his Mistress.*

**A**S does the Ray  
 Of chearful Day  
 All other Rays oppose,  
 So pretty *Bi*,  
 Does all outvie,  
 Where-e'er the Fair-one goes..  
 'Midst the Resort  
 Of *S—d* Court,  
 I solemnly declare,  
 There's not one Last,  
 Can her surpass,  
 Nor yet with her compare.  
 The blooming Rose  
 Its Sweets disclose,  
 Both on her Lips and Breast;  
 The happy Few  
 Who sip that Dew,  
 Must certainly be blest.

The Virgin Zone:  
 Of her alone,  
 Whom mighty *Mars* embrac'd;  
 Was ne'er so neat,  
 Or so compleat,  
 As is her slender Waist.  
 To see her walk,  
 And hear the Talk  
 Of each admiring Youth;  
 Oh, how their Praise  
 My Wonder raise,  
 Tho' well I know 'tis Truth.  
 One vows she's fair,  
 Another dare  
 But faintly wish her his;  
 A third admires,  
 A fourth expires,  
 In sad *Platonick* Bliss.  
 And why shou'd I,  
 My Charmer, die,  
 Nor dare to tell my Pain;  
 Since bounteous Heaven  
 Your Worth has given,  
 But to repay your Swain.  
 Then prithee Miss,  
 Remember this,  
 'Twas for your Sake alone,  
 I early rose,  
 Put on my Cloaths,  
 And writ this Hand unknown;  
 To let you know  
 'Tis even so,  
 My Heart I must resign,  
 And that I'll be  
 Sincere to thee,  
 My pretty Valentine.

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## ADVICE to WOMEN.

**I** Fancy 'tis a fix'd Maxim amongst our modern Writers, that to say well, and live ill, are the great and only Business of our Lives, and all we need to do, to gain us Fame and Happiness; to make us mighty in the Eye of Man, and in the Soul of Pleasure: Otherwise, so many ingenious Persons wou'd never take the Pains they do in prescribing Rules for others, which not in the least enter'd into their Heads to have practis'd themselves, only to set a Gloss over their own Actions, and cover Vice under the Cloak of Virtue. I could excuse those, who for Want of Learning have run into Errors which otherwise might have been avoided; but, in my Opinion, Hypocrisy is a Crime unpardonable: However (as Times go) it is a fashionable one, and we labour not now to be good, but to be thought so. As for my Part, I have but lately discern'd the Difference between Wisdom and Folly, and have more Respect for the World, than to be intirely out of the Fashion; so that it is impossible I should be without a Share of the latter; when it is born in the Mind, Pains must be taken, e'er we can utterly destroy, and root it out; and tho' our Resolutions strive against it, it often unawares steals in upon us, and breaks into our Conversations without our Leave or Knowledge, as tho' it boldly claim'd its native Empire. The Guardian, Judgment, first perceives it, grows angry at the Insult, and calls Reason to her Aid, who once more banishes the Foe; 'till tir'd, by being often thus oppos'd, at length, perhaps, it flies us. I have here undertaken to draw in Miniature, a few of the Follies I have remark'd during my short Residence in this Life, but not with the above-mention'd View. Nor would I, on any Account, endeavour to persuade my Sex, that I am such an intire Enemy to all



all their pretty Failings, as to abolish the long establish'd Name of Woman, by a too surly, and obstinate, Adherence to Truth and Wisdom; no, I scorn such unprecedented Proceedings; and, possibly, from myself I may draw a lively Resemblance of others. Bless me! then says the Lady, who perceives the plainest Likeness, to be sure, Malice only must excite you to expose your own Failings rather than hide other People's. Say so still, say I; for I am certain the Good and Wise will believe me, when I assure 'em, I had no other Motive than to deter those whose Years and Conversations has not, as yet, introduc'd the riper Follies of the Age, from falling into Snares, especially those laid by Women, who, to my certain Knowledge, are greater Foes to Virtue, and contribute more to the Ruin of their own Sex. than does all the Wiles and Seducements generally laid to the Charge of Mankind.—A very small Time, but a large Quantity of Experience, has taught me that Wisdom and Folly are two very opposite Enemies, and that Folly, thro' a natural Desire of aggravating her Antagonist, is always solicitous in increasing the Number of her Followers and Admirers; a good Foundation for that old, but just Saying, that *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners*. I am sorry I can say she but too well succeeds; for I believe, at present, poor Wisdom and Virtue have but very few left to defend 'em, and these too, chiefly consist of Fugitives from Folly, who tir'd with the toilsome Pleasures of her Reign, find more sweet Content in a Cottage with Virtue, than in the noisy Crowd, attended by Broils, Diseases, and even the worst of Tormentors, their own Conscience. Few, indeed, there are of these; for Vice, like an evil Companion, is not easily got rid of, without hazarding every thing that is dear, except future Peace; and that's a Jewel seldom sought for: Yet would we consider its inestimable Value when found, how pleasant and delightful to the Mind, the Paths that are trod in Search of it, the soft, the heavenly Repose we meet when at our Journey's End, and know how 'twill last, for ever! That Joy and Peace will last for ever; that Thought might make us en-

E

dare

dure an Age of mortal Pain, and think it but a Day  
 well spent : There we have no Uncertainties ; we're  
 not carefs'd To-day, and murder'd To-morrow : No  
 Courts with gilded Outfides, which harbour Death with-  
 in ; no deluding Lights, which lead to guilty Pleasures,  
 rewarded with eternal Punishments ; Punishments in-  
 flicted by a Judge who won't be brib'd, or delay the  
 Execution half a Day, for all that worthless Dross we  
 pay our Adoration to. In the Pursuit of this Treasure,  
 we drudge not on in continual Slavery, for Pleasures  
 which we gain and lose, both in a Moment, or continue  
 under the Directions of a Master ungrateful, deceitful,  
 and ambitious, whose Yoke is galling, and whose Wages  
 is lasting Death. The King there serv'd is just, is  
 powerful, his Burdens are light, his Service substantial  
 Bliss, and his Rewards Crowns of eternal Glory. What  
 a Difference is here ; Reflection on this might make a  
 Hermit of a Libertine. Wou'd we consult but Reason,  
 we might quickly discern all this ; for she is a just  
 Guide, and won't lead us wrong ; but we banish her  
 as we do our true Friends, and imagine her unfaithful  
 because she won't flatter. I know her Worth ; for she  
 has often resolv'd my Doubts, and never fail'd her ut-  
 most Endeavours to assure me of the Certainty of that  
 happy Dwelling ; for I must confess I have sometimes  
 question'd it, perceiving several of the Rules taught by  
 idolatrous Bigots to be intirely superstitious, and incon-  
 sistent with Truth and Reason.—If there is an Almighty  
 Being, said I, who is the Author of Goodness, he must  
 consequently himself be both good and just ; then why  
 is he represented by these mock religious Blockheads  
 to be the contrary ? for I protest, I have heard some  
 of 'em talk such Things of him, as can never be  
 thought by me to be either good or just. Divers are  
 the trifling Absurdities they tell ye he is the Author  
 of ; one in particular (and not the least) I cannot omit  
 mentioning, by Reason I know of no Calamity, which  
 has driven my own Sex into greater Errors, than this  
 false Opinion has done. I have known a Hundred  
 Women sit down contented with their own ill Conduct,  
 and fancy'd their Crimes unblameable, because, for-  
 sooth,

footh, they cou'd not help committing them. Pre-destination, I mean; 'tis somewhat strange to me that the Almighty shou'd ordain whatever Good or Evil we commit, yet punish, or reward us, according to our Deeds, shall he order us to do Evil, yet punish us for obeying his Commands; or shall he reward us for the Good we could not help doing? No; this is neither Wisdom, nor Justice; and yet he must be wise and just. They'll tell ye withal, that that Power grives at the Death of a Sinner: They may as well say, that a Father commands his Son to go into the Fire, and weeps afterwards that he is burnt. Good lackaday! says one, how hard is my Destiny; what have I ever done, that the Lord should ordain me such cruel Fortune? They are much in the right on't. What indeed! They may well murmur against the Lord, if they believe he deals so unjustly by them. If every good or evil Fortune, that we meet thro' Scenes of Life, must be ordain'd, and not to be avoided, why shou'd the Almighty take a particular Spight to the one, or Liking to the other, to order the one Good, and t'other Evil, before he has form'd 'em, to know whether or not they may deserve either; or if his All-seeing Judgment intends to make them deserving, or undeserving, yet it is unjust to shew so great a Difference between Children who are all of the same Parent. They'll answer you to this, that he ordains us Punishments in this Life, to make our Rewards the greater in the other; and Benefits, to see how we will dispose 'em. Here they contradict themselves; for if we act (as they say we do) intirely according to his Ordination, we must dispose our Wealth, or bear our Afflictions, as he makes us; and I don't think our Merit a Bit the greater for doing what we can't help: Neither is his Power or Goodness increas'd, by bestowing Rewards or Punishments, for Good or Evil, which we act by Force. This is a blasphemous Opinion, and defames his Dignity, Honour, Goodness, and Justice; enough to make Atheists of all the World, as, indeed, there are already too many; and why? Because their Understanding won't permit 'em to believe these and several other scandalous

Errors introduc'd by so many different Preachers of Religion; so many different Ways they make to lead to Heaven, yet tell ye there is but one true one, that no Wonder they believe there is none at all. This is for Want of consulting Reason; for she cou'd teach them to despise these superstitious Follies, and shew 'em that Man's wicked Inventions brought them forth, for private Interest, Grudge, or some ambitious End; and that neither the Heavens, or any thing therein, ever ordain'd, that such Wretches shou'd breed Discord amongst Mankind. I fancy they will find at Length, (notwithstanding their thriving Deceit) that the Almighty Judge is truly good, and just, and will impartially judge, and condemn them, for acting according to their own accursed Inclinations, and not by any Force of his. Some there are, no doubt, who are both good and wise; and, methinks, 'tis Pity they cannot suppress these Traders in Religion, to hinder the sacred Theme from being so foolishly and publicly handled, by false Teachers, and deceitful Ideots, who sets such plain Examples of the taking Liberties with divine Affairs, that the very Rabble must imitate them, and in their most obscene Conversations contest about Holy Matters: You shall scarce read an insignificant Letter, but you shall find a Dozen or two of Gods in it; the very Farthing Ballads are no less stor'd with Deities, and instead of Ballads, it is common to hear the Psalms we sing in Churches, hallow'd by Slaves about the Streets, for Half-pence. Nor is that Name, which we shou'd tremble but to hear, treated with more Respect than we should treat the Name of an inferior Officer. I am surpriz'd, that Folly, and Wickedness, has overcome the People, so that an Awe does not seize them, e'er they make Mention of such mighty and divine Affairs, at least, without that due and holy Reverence we ought to pay before our heavenly Benefactor.---There are of these Traders also, who assure us, that the only Way to merit Heaven, is by destroying its Handywork, and, thro' a pretended Zeal to Religion, not only rob their poor Fellow-creatures, but most barbarously murder them into the Bargain, because



because they cannot follow their villanous Superstitions, believe as their Whimsies command, and serve the Lord, by heaping Riches on their sordid Teachers. I can never suppose, that Goodness delights in Cruelty ; if it is a Merit to convert a Sinner, and they think they can, let 'em endeavour it by gentle Means, shew better Examples than they see in others, and win 'em by the Prospect they may have of a happy Change, but never offer Force ; for he cannot serve a Master faithfully who is compell'd to it without Inclination, and made a Slave to what he abhors : Nor do themselves believe they rightly act, otherwise than that it rightly answers the End of Avarice, and Ambition. We suppose an earthly King to be above a mean Action, then why do they talk of so many mean Things, which they say are acted, or ordered to be acted by the King of Kings ? No, no, 'tis none of his Directions ; he is great, and above Meanness ; nothing that Thought can form, mean, unjust, or insignificant, proceeds from him ; no superstitious Rules, or Puppet-show Worships, will bring you a Step the nearer to his Gates ; for these are below his Dignity : His Porters take no Bribes, or is his Servants admitted to deliver our foolish, and unworthy Petitions. His Judgment's penetrating, and he knows our Worth, so will reward it : When we deviate from that, himself condemns us, as his Greatness shall see proper. He delights not in Torture, or Mortifications ; for he is good, and tender-hearted : If the Faithful, in Distress, sue to him with Reverence, and Sincerity (but not for ambitious Trifles) he will hear them, and grant their Requests ; for he is compassionate, and, tho' great, void of Pride. This I am certain of ; for I have prov'd it true. How happy wou'd it be for some who want not Means to serve him as they ought, to think as I do : In order to persuade 'em to it, I write these Observations. Could my Abilities come near the Greatness of my Theme, or Sincerity of my Intentions, they might indeed prove worthy the Perusal. However, they are full of Truth ; and if the Readers have a Mind to be so too, let 'em shun, as near as possible, all the Follies I describe, and

converse with the Wise ; for Folly is the very Soul of Vice, and is always so delighted with itself, that nothing but what bears its own Likeness, can, possibly, be agreeable. This is verified in the first I treat of, which is that of being always pleas'd at Nonsense.

How often have I heard a simple conceited Woman praise the Niceness of her Judgment, and condemn false Opinions ; when her whole Soul has been one Lump of Folly, which the very next Scene of Nonsense has dissolv'd into a most immoderate Fit of Laughter, perhaps, the Appearance of some wise Philosopher had had a different Effect upon the Lady's Understanding, and introduced the Spleen, the Vapours, or some other fashionable Distemper, often incident to Ladies of Wit and Pleasure. What a ridiculous Sight it is, and how near a Resemblance it has of Bedlam, to see a Parcel of Women running to and fro in a Chamber, several Minutes without ceasing, laughing to so violent a Degree, that you'd swear 'twere the Expiration of their Days, at no other Occasion than the Sight of a Vizard, the awry Set of a Peruke, or something full as trifling ; nay, some there are who without any at all, are often moved by the Spirit of Folly to express themselves true Subjects of that Power. Yet we shall stile them Criticks, and Ladies of Understanding, for being capable of telling who makes most Blunders at Table ; and, without considering themselves, ridiculously jesting on the very same Indiscretions, which are the chief Practice of their own Lives and Behaviour.---I happened to be once in Company with a Gentleman and his Spouse, the Lady had met with some Disappointment, and seem'd melancholy ; the Gentleman disturb'd at seeing his Consort so dull, address'd himself to me, Prithee Miss, said he, talk a little of your Nonsense to divert my Wife. I own I smil'd at the Oddity of the Request, thought it a strange Way of diverting, and the only Thing would make me sad. However I reflect'd on my self, and imagin'd, that tho' I might not be sensible of my own Failings, I certainly must have been heard to talk Nonsense, or the Man had never made that Speech, or fancy'd I should

should then begin. If every Person were to criticize on the Sayings of other People, only as thus, and to examine themselves by them, how profitable an Advantage might be made of every Word we hear, and every Action we see, but we put our Gift of Understanding to a wrong Use, and instead of improving it, we make it the Instrument of Evil to both ourselves and our Companions. If you ask these pretty Apes why they play their witty Tricks, mimick their Friends, and make themselves Buffoons, the Scorn of riper Judgment, they'll assure you, they know 'tis very silly, but they do it to appear agreeable, and comply with the Taste of their Company.—A sad Excuse for Folly, if we have Wisdom let us shew it; if the Company approves and learns, it were a glorious Recompence, for what can be a greater Pleasure than to instruct Wisdom? If they seem displeas'd, and disapprove, they are not worth conversing with, and ought to be shun'd. Because I see and know a Parcel of People to be degenerate and base, shall I endeavour to imitate them? No, rather let me, by contemning them, display my own Virtues, or to save Controversy, keep Silence. However, this Folly, tho' it renders the Persons possess'd of it so ridiculous in the Eyes of the thinking Part of the World, contains the least Evil of any, and sometimes may divert.

There is another Sort, which notwithstanding it is the Height of Vice, and deserves the severest Punishment, reigns uncontroul'd, and is the darling Bait generally laid by the Fair Sex, to catch even the most wary. This is a pretended Love of Religion; Good Gods! What Villanies are practis'd by those Religious Ladies; and yet, the very Thing for which we should abhor them, that false fair Covering, procures them Awe, Respect, and Credulity, nay, leads their poor Admirers blindfolded to Ruin; for sure 'twould be Presumption to suspect the Goodness and Sincerity of a Saint. I have known some of them, who would stick at no Crime that could be committed with Safety, and yet to gain Credit with the World, preach up for Religion, and rail at Vice like a Jesuit, frequent con-

stantly the Churches and Holy Communion, appear in Publick all Angels, and be in private the worst of Devils. The very Prostitutes are preferable to them, for they confess their Crime with their Poverty. How can we expect Mercy from the Almighty Power, when the most sacred Places dedicated to his Name, are prophan'd by such Hypocrites? Might true Religion shine in the Colours he first painted it, 'twould appear too transparent to hide Deceit; and our worthy Actions would be a greater Proof of the Sincerity of our Religion, than all the Fufs and Shew we make about it: If we heard a Man or Woman was religious, we should ask withal if they were good, if every Action of their Lives express'd it, for Noise and Shew are solid Proofs of Hypocrisy, but empty ones of Truth.

The Abuse of Religion is a Vice which bears the blackest Dye, none is so near allied to it as Ingratitude, which is pretty much of the same Nature; this is only practis'd by those of Human Species, especially amongst the Female Part. How proud are we of the Nobleness of our Form, and how much do we prize ourselves above the Animals of the Field, yet let even them outvie us in Justness; for the most fierce amongst them scorn Ingratitude, and will protect, nay lose their Lives for their Preservers and Benefactors, whilst on the contrary, we lay our deepest Designs against our chief Friends, and Relations, and when our Plots succeed, will brag how nicely they were bit. We think it a Scandal to be just, and seem ashamed to acknowledge the most sincere Marks of Friendship. I have heard some of these ungrateful ones, rail with the bitterest Imprecations against those who have been the only Supporters of their Lives and Fortunes, and when their whole Store of Malice have been exhausted, 'Tis true, said they, they have been very kind to me, but what of that? 'twas their own Proffer, they were not importun'd to it, and might have let it alone; besides, they can't expect me to be grateful, for they know very well it is not in my Power to make Returns. A barbarous Speech! and whilst they endeavour to excuse their Ingratitude, they make it a thousand Degrees worse,



worse, what a beautiful Friendship must that be which offers its Support to the Distress'd without leaving room for adding the Pain of Importunity, and without the Hopes of a Return, for where Friendship is founded upon Interest, it is improperly called Friendship, our private Ends, ourselves it is we serve, but not our Friends. Then where we find it in its truest Light, the least we can give in Return, is Praise and Acknowledgment; our Friends to be sure expect we should speak well of them, and stand their Champions against malicious Slanders. If they really have Failings, we should, if possible conceal them, not be ourselves the Instrument of their Defamation: Or when their long repeated Acts of Friendship have prov'd them true, vow 'em false from the insinuating Tattle of every Tale-bearing Fool. If I am told that my Friend has deceived me, I'll not believe it; if I am told a second time, I'll endeavour to be convinced, and when I am so, by some plain Demonstration, I'll suppose it more thro' Error than Design, however, I'll ask my Friend, then, if my Eyes and Ears have Proof by an obstinate Declaration of Falshood, I will shun my lost Friend, and then only, believe 'em to be my Enemy. Yet even then, in Absence wish, and speak them well, for their past Favours, concluding that my own Conduct in some Measure contributed to the Change, since I know a sincere Mind is seldom chang'd but by some great Occasion.

There is a Kind of a busy Vice, which a great Number of Ladies are possess'd of, who are never made happy, but when they are marring the Happiness of other People. These are just like Fools in a Play, for ever busy, and for ever in Mischief. What Pains do they take, and how do they fatigue themselves in traversing the Town, to find out the Affairs of their Neighbours, yet leave their own at home neglected. They will venture their Lives, nay, give their all for a Secret, which, in no manner at all, concerns 'em, yet set so little Store by what they have so dearly purchas'd, that they directly bestow it on the next Gossip they meet: There is no Safety where these Gentle-

women

women frequent; for 'twere as easy for them to cease to be, as to cease Chattering; and, like People who talk in their Sleep, at Night, over the Tea-table, will reveal all their industrious Ears have so diligently gathered in the Day. These Creatures destroy the Pleasure of Society, and every Person where they come ought to be upon their Guard. Not one Word is spoken, or Action done, that is not, surely, represented to the next Company, in a manner, quite different from the Original; for they are always Liars, and generally take away the Beauty of a good Deed, but never fails adding double to a bad one: Nay, when they want Matter for Discourse, or Scandal, they'll make no Scruple of affirming such monstrous Lies and Absurdities, as never could enter into the Thoughts of any Thing less wretched than themselves, and their insatiate Talent must be supported at the Expence of their Neighbours Reputations. Their Tongues are in perpetual Motion; not a Mortal in Town or Country so obscure as to escape their Knowledge; and nothing more common, than for them, whilst they pretend a Friendship, to breed eternal Strife and Discord amongst the most united Families. Sometimes their Inquisitiveness perplex themselves too; for nothing can be a greater Mortification to them, than to hear of other People's good Fortune. They will put themselves into as great an Agony about it, as tho' they fancy'd their Words were capable of turning the Scale, as, indeed, sometimes it happens; for whether wilfully, or thro' Mistake, I know not; but I am certain I have often heard these glib-tongu'd Ladies ruin many a good Design. What matters it to me, if my Neighbours Affairs have good or ill Success, if their Cloaths are old, or new, their Dealings just, or unjust? so I can keep my own Affairs on the Ballance, my Cloaths whole, and deal justly by all. What Business have I to entertain a Room full of People two or three Hours together, with the Conduct of a Family, which, perhaps, they never so much as heard the Name of in the whole Course of their Lives before? I dined one Day with a Gentlewoman, who, upon seeing of one of her female Neighbours

Neighbours passing by the Window, set up a loud Laugh. I must confess, I varied here a little from my natural Principle, and mov'd (Woman-like) by the Spirit of Curiosity, must needs ask who that Lady was? Why, truly, replies the other, I do know who she is, and yet I do not know, for I can tell you, whatever you may think of me, my Name is Mrs. Saynothing, I never trouble my Head with that which does not concern me; it is no Bread and Butter of mine, and what does not lie in my Way shall never break my Shins; the Woman behaves very well to me, and what need I care what she does in her own private Apartment; I shall not be answerable for her Crimes: 'Tis true, I have seen odd Sort of People there all Hours of the Night, but what they bring in, or what they carry out, is no Affair of mine, as long as they take nothing from me, and let me rest quiet in my own House.—In short, I found by the Sum of Mrs. Saynothing's Relation, that the Lady's Visitors were no better than a whole Gang of Thieves, and herself a Receiver of Stolen Goods: and yet Mrs. Saynothing was ignorant of the Matter, as in reality, I believe she was. Were these Saynothing Gentlewomen's Discourses to be pen'd in their own proper Characters, what a terrible Figure must they make, even in their own Opinions, when they perus'd them, and reflected on the ridiculous Misuse they had made of the only Thing they should have held precious in Life, their Time; what contemptible, worthless Things, must they find themselves to be, would they consider, that, instead of answering the End of their Creation, To do Good in the World, they come into it, only to incumber it, plague it, and to set it together by the Ears.

Several there are, who take a particular Delight in Censure, and will swear every Woman they see a little decenter than common, is (as they call it) no better than she should be, and will affirm the same to the next Stander-by, as punctually, as tho' they had been the Bawd in ordinary, for Seven Years past, when, in reality, they never beheld them before: If you enter their Houses, they are immediately rob'd, if you use them

them kindly, you have some Design against them, in short, the whole World, besides themselves, are no more than W——s, Rogues, and Thieves. How ill do they obey that Command in Holy Writ, which bids 'em not to judge; would they, as that directs 'em, judge only themselves, they'd find but little Reason to spend their Breath in censuring of others. It is not every Man that drinks with a Knave that is one, Rogues may sometimes be found in the Churches, sooner than the Jails, and Virtue will as readily protect her Votary in a Stew, as in a Convent; we ought not to be uncharitable in our Opinions, least the same we give should be return'd to us again. How will these Censurers condemn, and prescribe Punishments, before they so much as know the Nature of the Offence. What pity it is, that Persons who perhaps are innocent, should have their Names sullied, and their Livelihoods debar'd them, on the meer Surmises of these cruel Monsters; the severest of Judges will examine the Case before they cast their Verdict, but they disclaim Justice, and upon the least Appearance of a Crime, they deserve Hell-fire, says one, they will go to the Devil, says another: Were the Almighty Judge to say to every trifling Offence, you shall be punish'd with Hell-fire, we must all inevitably perish; yet they pretend to direct that Power, and teach him Rules, whereby to correct and punish his Creatures. This is Wickedness to the last Degree, and I think, a Crime almost too great for Pardon.

There are a vast Number of Ladies, who are very particular for admiring every Thing that is new, and change their Acquaintance as often as they do their Apparel, which are both alike despis'd when they have serv'd too long. These Ladies, as they are always prodigiously delighted with a new Fashion, so they are with a new Face, and will barter the truest Friendship that Time can produce, for an Hour's Conversation with any Trifler: What Protestations of Friendship will they make, what Tenderneſs express, both by their Words and Behaviours; you would swear them to be one Compound of Goodness, never to be dissolved,



solv'd, when Deceit alone is their Province, and like  
 the various Wind, no sooner seem fix'd to one Point,  
 but they forsake it for another. They are pretty much  
 the same in their Amours as in their Friendships, and  
 no Man who converses with them, but fancies himself  
 sole Master of their Passions; insinuating Falshood! I  
 have known several different Lovers carefs'd by the  
 same Lady, and each entirely happy in believing his  
 Mistress the only Pattern of Constancy in the Age.  
 Nay, 'twere endangering a Life, so much as to suspect  
 her. 'Tis amazing, that People who have Knowledge,  
 should be so blinded, tho' I must confess, Art is here  
 in Perfection, and rarely to be distinguish'd from Na-  
 ture. However, they who trust to the Sincerity of  
 these Deceivers, will find their Hopes built on a Foun-  
 dation that will quickly fall, and the Fall be as sudden  
 as the Rise, for you seldom are capable of perceiving  
 their Intentions; To-day you shall be the nearest to  
 their Heart and Person, and To-morrow banish'd from  
 both, nor can the highest Degree of Merit procure  
 you a Day added to the Date of their Affections:  
 Change is to them become so habitual, that 'twere as  
 great a Pain to them to continue a long Friendship, as  
 a just Person feels to break one. They have long since  
 learn'd that Protections are made of Wind, and can  
 fly like that, as far as is from Truth the Tongues that  
 make them, that broken Vows and Falshoods are as  
 fashionable as their last Suit of Pinners, and she that  
 can best conceal her Art, and make it look like Nature,  
 is the most accomplish'd Gentlewoman. I have heard  
 'em say, there was a secret Pleasure in Deceiving, and  
 they were charm'd to think that the World fancied it  
 knew 'em, when it did not. And yet, I think, a pe-  
 netrating Judgment, after a little Experience, may  
 find 'em out; that which is so suddenly patch'd toge-  
 ther, can never keep long whole, those who are so  
 immediately charm'd with every new Face, cannot be  
 imagin'd to hold true to all, and each succeeding Fa-  
 vourite must consequently banish the Idea of the for-  
 mer.

Some

Some, again, have an excellent Talent of Bragging; and, if you wou'd believe themselves, there is nothing that is either Good, or Great, but they have some Claim to; these too, are most admirable Liars, and will affect Grandeur, and talk of Equipage and Titles with as indolent an Air, as if the Globe were under their Command, when their whole Dominions, perhaps, lies within the Confines of one Garret: If they have a Visitor, it is my Lady Somebody, a Lover, it is my Lord of Something; their Families, and Relations, are always noble, when most likely to be the Nurslings of some Stall; for noble Blood never boasts its Fountain, and may be easily distinguish'd from the Vulgar, without proclaiming its own Merit; their very Action shews it; 'Twere as hard to disguise a Monarch in Rags, as to make a Beggar act a King. Will my saying that my Bed's made of Down, make me sleep in Peace? Or affirming that the Duke of this, or Prince of that, dines with me on such and such Rarities, shew I'm the better Gentlewoman? No; rather let me own that I lodge on a Pallat, with a Conscience free from that unnecessary Sin of Lying; that my Food was wholesome, my Company honest; and let my Behaviour prove, whether, or not, I deserve in Reality, what the others have but feign'd. The People who converse with those Braggers, are very happy; for they gain Titles, and become great Folks, as soon as ever they enter the List of their Followers. One of these great Ladies, dress'd in, really, a very rich Suit of Cloaths, visited a Gentlewoman one Day where I was, but could not, possibly, stay long enough to drink Tea, by Reason she was oblig'd to return home, to give Orders to her Servants, to clean the Plate, dust the Piers, and do a few odd Trifles in the Chambers; for she expected my Lord and Lady, Lord knows who, to sup there. (Now you must know they often conceal the Place of their Abode, for some great State-Reason, or other.) A curious Stander-by, suspecting the Truth of the Relation, follow'd her, unperceiv'd to her Lodging, and also to her Apartment; which happen'd to be a Garret belonging to a poor Chandler's Shop, in a very scandalous

scandalous Street. The Lady's Pier was three-corner'd, and stood on the Lid of an old Powder-box, the rest of the Furniture suitable, and her Servant, (for she had no other) a poor, forlorn Cat. She was much surpriz'd at seeing the Gentleman, and would have persuaded him that she call'd there on her Washerwoman; but an officious old Woman running in hastily, to deliver a Message she had taken in, in her Ladyship's Absence, spoilt the Scheme. You may readily guess her Confusion; for she could never stand the Shock of paying another Visit at the same Place. So, when they are found out, they pretend some Dislike to the Behaviour of one or t'other, and (as they term it) drop the Acquaintance. I don't intimate this by Way of reflecting on Poverty, nor had I any Objection to the Lady, or her Garret; 'twas her stupid Pride, and unnecessary Lies, which disturb'd me, for No-body enquir'd after her Plate, her Piers, or who, or what she had at Supper; nor had she been found out, had she held her Tongue. Some perhaps, may imagine, that as the World is sway'd by Interest, this pretended Grandeur may gain 'em Esteem and Credit; indeed, so it may, from Fools, and Self-interested Wretches, but there they'll meet with nothing but a few fair Looks and Speeches, till they have no more Money to give or lend, and, as for Persons of Sense, Truth, and Generosity, they'll never despise you for being poor. 'Tis a Crime, in my Opinion, to endeavour to gain Credit with a Fool. I have been, and am, forc'd to converse with many, but so happy withal, as not to be able to obtain either their good Will, or good Word; nay, on the contrary, they have represented me to be every thing which Malice could invent, nor do I ever desire they should do otherwise, since I am certain, what is agreeable to them, must be inconsistent with Good Sense, Good Nature, Justice, and Good Manners.

Besides this bragging Pride, there is another Sort, which chiefly consists of Self-Love, and those possess'd of this, are never pleas'd, but when their own Beauty and Dress is the general Subject. They always have a Number of expiring Lovers at a time, and they never stir

flir abroad but they bring home Hearts; if you know not to be lavish in false Praises and Flattery, you have no Share in their Favour, but if you can seriously protest 'em a *Venus*, tho' as detestable as *Medusa*, you'll gain free Access to all within their Power: It is impossible for Man to smile on 'em without being a Slave, and they fancy all who behold 'em, oblig'd to be as greatly enamour'd with their Charms, as they are themselves; they think nothing so entertaining, as the recital of their silly Amours, and are so vain as to imagine, that Nature for them alone reserv'd her purest Mold, and Heaven, when that was form'd, sent all its Aid to make the Mind as perfect as the Body. What an odd Tribe of Deformities have believ'd all this, one in particular, who had nothing above her Fellows but Vanity, going on some Occasion to a House in the City, was handed out of her Coach by a complaisant young Spark, who accidentally stood at the Door, some few Months after, the same poor Gallant, having had a very great Loss, (and perhaps distemper'd before) run mad: The Lady no sooner heard of the Gentleman's Misfortune, but she immediately concluded, that his Heart and Senses were both lost together, in that fatal Moment, when his cruel Destiny plac'd him at that Door, where he so unhappily beheld her Beauty; and has frequently since, in publick Companies, most ridiculously boasted of the Conquest. I know not how to define this Sort of Folly, and I have often thought the Woman madder than her imagin'd Lover. 'Twere a perfect Comedy to see some of these Mortals walk the Streets, with a Parcel of credulous Blockheads guarding 'em from the Assaults of some empty Coach, which, by their Relation, is plac'd at the Corner of the Street, to convey them by Force to the Arms of a mighty Lord, or Duke. They never enter an Assembly, but they over-hear private Consultations concerning the Means to bear away the Prize: This they instantly communicate to some officious Fop, who directly orders the Guard to be doubled, walks foremost with Sword in Hand, and esteems itself the greatest Hero in being, in having conducted them safe within their own Walls;



Walls ; when at the same time, they suppos'd Conspirators had thought the Lady full dearly purchas'd at the Expence of a Beef-Stake and a Pint of Wine. You cannot offer those Motals a greater Injury, than to contradict 'em in any of their Faults ; they believe themselves incapable of being in an Error, and if you pretend to correct their Conduct, they entirely disapprove of your Understanding, for not having Judgment enough to know that theirs is perfect ; they deem you guilty of a Crime for not approving theirs ; and will upbraid you with Ill-nature, or Insincerity, because you can't be entertain'd with their Impertinence. They will aim at Politeness, and talk in a high Stile, yet translate the Language after such a Manner, that I defy even themselves to guess the Meaning. If you gently instruct, and shew how they have been mistaken, your friendship would be resented as a mighty Affront, and disoblige so highly, that you are ever after look'd upon as the greatest Enemy ; they will persist in their Folly, and make more frequent Repetitions of their Speeches, least you should imagine they have Sense enough to follow your Advice. This is an obstinate Folly, I don't blame them for being deficient in Learning, but I blame them for not being desirous of improving the little they have : I think that Person, who would tell me of a Fault, and shew me a just Reason why it was one, would by me be esteem'd dearer than my Life and the only Person I should wish to live and die with ; but then it should not be an ill natur'd, scoffing, or publick Manner, but mildly, in Friendship, and alone, as I have done myself by several, and met with the same Thanks I have before mention'd. Some of those Wretches, who happen to have a little Wealth, are so monstrous imperious, and insolent, that every Thing, which is not Fortune's Favourite, is despis'd and scorn'd, the very Ground they tread on is thought unworthy to hold so great a Treasure ; they are above Devotion, and frequent the public Worship only to shew their Dress and haughty Mein ; all they have Command over, are us'd like Slaves, nor have they one good Quality to recommend them ; and I know no

Description just enough for such Women, except that which *Milton* gives of Satan in his first rebellious State. Would not any Body suppose, that Pride had turn'd a Woman's Brain, to know her set out on the most urgent Expedition, yet see her stand up at a Door a Quarter of an Hour together, lest she should give an Opportunity to some of the passing Croud, of taking the Wall of her.

There is one Sort of a reigning Folly, which very much disturbs me, by reason I can find no manner of End whatsoever that it answers, nor does it ever serve for any other Use, than to torment and plague those who are possess'd of it, and these are your Gentlewomen who are always hunting after Fortune-tellers. What a deal of precious time do they waste, in poking their Noses into every Tea or Coffee Cup they meet with; what a World of direful Omens are frequently disturbing their Quiet, as tho' all the Inhabitants of the other World were employ'd in setting things across, breaking Glasses, spilling Salt, making Fires burn dull, tumbling down Chairs, and many other mischievous Exercises to bode People Ill. Sure they must have a very strange Notion of the Supreme Power, to fancy he sends his Servants on such frivelous Errands; for if these things are done to shew that ill Fortune is to follow, it must be by some unseen Power, since Stools, Tables, Chairs, &c. were never thought wise enough of their own Accord, to Divine. I have seen a Woman sit from Morning till Night over a Pack of Cards, enquiring of them her Fate; when a good Card (as she call'd it) appear'd, what Raptures has she been in, Joy has shew'd itself in her Visage, she has kiss'd the Card a thousand times over, and been as positively sure of an Estate as tho' she had it in her Pocket: When, upon the next shuffling of the Cards, quite the contrary have been represented to her View, here it were amazing to behold her Change of Temper, the Bloom has left her Cheeks, her Lips turn'd pale, every thing near her has displeas'd, and she but seem'd one Lump of black Despair. Thus has she tormented herself the live-long Day, from Joy to Despair, and from Despair to Joy again;

nor

nor has she had Power to spare a Moment for her other Affairs. One would think that the Devil had invented this, to plague those whom he had no other Power over; sure Reason flies from such People, or they might soon discover their Error, yet, if you talk to them, they'll all tell you, They can assure you, they put no manner of Belief in such Things, they only do it to divert Time away; if so, methinks, 'twere pity they were blest'd with Time, since they can make no better Use of it, than to divert it away so idly. Tho' I know this to be false, for they can't disguise the Faith they put in this silly Evil. Besides, I should think, what proves a Mortification cou'd not be diverting, for they cannot always meet good Fortune, bad must sometimes come in its turn. I knew a young Gentleman, that did not want for Understanding in other Respects, who, upon a Woman's telling him in a Tea Cup, that he should die in Three Weeks time, forsook his Companions, grew pale, and wasted away, to such an admirable Degree, that I believe, had she set a longer Date than Three Weeks, he had really died within the Time with meer Conceit. You shall often hear 'em say, that they are going to a Fortune-teller, whom they believe deals with the Devil, for he knows but every thing. What Monsters must they be for going thither, if they think so? This were as much as to say, they would e'en go to Hell, rather than not satisfy their Curiosity. No, it is neither in that Spirit's Power, or the Fortune-teller's, to know what Chance only may produce, however, their good Will to sin is never the less. Some say they are inspir'd by a Divine Power with Knowledge; this is worst of all, that they should have the Impudence to cloak their Cheats under such a blasphemous Pretence, when 'tis said, that the very Angels in Heaven does not know the Will of their Lord; yet these pretty Creatures must be so highly honour'd, To what End? What Good can it produce to human Kind, that this Pains should be taken by the Author of Goodness, to torment the Minds of the People? telling 'em what Evil is to befall 'em, can't make 'em avoid it, for if it is already determin'd, it must be irrevocable; and in-

forming them of good Fortune can be no Benefit, but rather lessens it ; for if a Blessing comes unawares to us, it is acceptable, but by long Expectation we grow so impatient, that when it comes 'tis pall'd and without Relish ; this shews that Goodness can never be the Author of this Folly, for Evil only attends it, and I would advise every Person to avoid such silly Conversation as would introduce it, for it is neither agreeable to the Mind (if rightly consider'd) profitable, or serviceable. I can't say I so much blame the Professors of this Folly, because, perhaps they know no other Way of living, or at least, no easier, than by making a Hand, and afterwards a Jest of such credulous Idiots : However, if none frequented them, there could be none such. I have often observ'd (as I have walk'd the Streets) the Creatures employ'd in distributing the Bills, which tell you where to find these Fortune-telling Gentry, and I never in my Life saw any of them deliver'd to a Man; but when they meet with a young Wench, who looks a little silly, and as if she had a Shilling to throw away, they immediately pop her one. This is plain, that 'tis a Cheat, and what Men, or indeed Women of Sense, may easily see into ; then why should we be so mean-spirited as to encourage those who take us for easy Fools, and by our own Weakness imposes upon us ; we ought rather to resent it, and shew 'em, that a Woman, if she knew herself as she should do, could prove, that her Understanding was not inferior to a Man's.

A wise Philosopher bids us shun those who are always whining, and complaining ; for, says he, there may be Truth and Sincerity there, but no Peace ; and, indeed, this is certain, for Despair banishes Peace from their Dwellings, reigns uncontroll'd herself, and is the unhappy Subject in all their Discourses ; what a prodigious uneasy Mind must that Person have, who is never satisfied ? Would not any one think me a stupid Block-head, if I refused a Benefit To-day, because I am not sure of the same again To-morrow ? yet this I have known done. Will my dreading the Consequences of a distant Evil, make it a bit the lighter when it comes ? No, rather worse, for Grief makes us incapable of going



ing thro' our Misfortunes, and 'tis common, for what we put ourselves into so great a Fright about, never to happen at all: Then is it not better to trust to Providence, for fickle Fortune will despoise of us as she thinks proper, tho' we should grumble and growl for ever. I never knew any of these unsatisfied People, who were not necessitous, nay, were they to have Millions, would be poor amidst it all, for they'd always be in Trouble, tho' the Reason were as trifling as the Death of a Bird, the Sickness of a Cat, the Loss of a Dog, or some such like Aggrievance; if a Friend is a Moment longer than ordinary out of their Sight, 'tis concluded they are either drowned, murdered, or disposed of in some very terrible Manner; since this Thought is so displeasing, can't they as well imagine, they have met some good Companion to induce their Stay, found a Bag of Money, or any thing which seems agreeable to their Imaginations. This Uneasiness of Temper is frequently seen in the Commonalty, who are People never long contented with any Thing; if they have a Sovereign, tho' the best of Men, 'tis not in his Power to deal Content in any other Manner, than that of quitting the World to make Room for another. I think the Conduct of our Government at present, to be entirely Good, Just, Brave, and without Blemish, and yet there is not one in ten that wo'dn't knock all on the Head, who should say so; and were it to be chang'd To-morrow would do still the same, for, not two in a thousand of these Murmurers are of one Opinion, and what would please the one, would but distract the other. A Sovereign should be lov'd, fear'd, honour'd, and wish'd to have long Life, for he is our Guardian, our Representative of that heavenly Power who rules us all: His peaceful Hours are eternally disturb'd for our Safety, and he but suffers Life, whilst we enjoy it: Yet this is not sufficient; but it is like ungrateful Man. 'Twere all the same to me, be King, Queen, or none, for my poor Affairs have little to do with the State, yet, when by Chance I see 'm, methinks I feel a secret Pleasure mix'd with Awe, as tho' I were compell'd by Heaven

Heaven to love and reverence that Trust it hath repos'd in Monarchy.

The meaner Part of the World, are also very fond of Cruelty, a thing displeasing to Heaven, and discovers a base ignoble Mind. Cowardice, Murder, Rapine, Theft, and, in short, every Sort of Villany is compris'd in the cruel Man; nor is he fit to be trusted on any Account, for Mischief is his Province, and is as delightful to him, as doing Good is to the tender-hearted. It is impossible for a Person who is cruel to have any good Quality, for as most of us has some peculiar Failing, so Destruction is the Pleasure, Pastime, and chief Exercises of these Monsters; if you want a Friend, never chuse a cruel one, for he that would deprive an Animal of Life, without Necessity, or Provocation, would cut your Throat on offering the least Affront, could he do it safely. The Powers above never form'd any thing in vain; and every Insect was created for some Good to Man, tho' the Weakness of our Judgment cannot comprehend it, therefore shall we dare oppose the mighty Will? and take away what we cannot restore, and given by his great Hand. I mention not this to encourage Faintness of Heart, for had I my Will, I'd be as bold as *Alexander*, merciful as Heaven! and conquer the World, only to assure it of Happiness. I can't but say, too many of my own Sex are ridiculous in their Fondness of Animals, this I disapprove of, and detest; I would do my Duty, and no further, if nauseous, or troublesome, let it be put out of the World in a manner the least cruel; for 'twere Folly to let one's Peace be disturb'd by an Animal, Heaven requires not that, but to say the Truth, we are often on Extrems, either to make Idols of Nonsense, or cruel Monsters of ourselves.

I have read one of our most approv'd Authors, and for ought I know, one of the best, tho' I must presume to object against what he says, in mentioning Women, where he tells 'em of being Subjects to Fear, which he says, shews Cowardice, Cowardice Cruelty, and a Mind prone to Murder, and all manner of Vice: This I make bold to deny, for the Sort of Fear he  
speaks

speaks of, comes by Instinct, nor can we often quell it, else why does the Hero, whose Soul is bent on Conquest, nor fears the greatest Assault of the Enemy, sometimes tremble at a Dream, a Noise, or Shadow. The very Beasts, who understand not Murder, or to be cruel, can be frighten'd, otherwise, the Warrior's Steed, that braves the Cannon's Mouth undauntedly, would never fly at Night from a Bush. 'Tis my Opinion, the Author wrote that Speech before he consider'd the Nature, or Formation of the Mind; to be sure there is a Difference between the Thoughts of the Just and Unjust, for the one is continually tormented, yet the other, whilst in this Life, has sometimes its little Fears, Startings, and other Immotions incident to Nature. - The Reader may here think I have a little too much of the Woman in me, and countenance Fear, however, I believe I am as little infected with that Weakness as any; when it would be predominant, Reason banishes as much of it, as Nature will permit, and I confess, it can grow by being indulg'd. The Practice of Cruelty is not half so prevalent amongst the Female as the Male, yet, when the former is possess'd of it, they much out-do the latter; we see rarely Instances of this as sometimes Disappointments in Love, Sights, or ill Usage, forces 'em to commit the worst of Outrages, but this is seldom: So I will treat no more on this, Subject, only wish all of either Sex, so to command their Minds according to Reason, that this Evil may not reign predominate, and render them more contemptible than the Savages, who only act according to their Nature, and Design. I know no better Rule, than that which orders us to do to all as we wou'd be done by; methinks, were they to follow that some of the World, and not the meanner Part only, would find more commendable Employments, than that, of dissecting Animals, forcing Creatures to murder each other, and many such unmanly Exercises; and I sincerely believe, those who employ their Time thus, would fly as far as is the Center from the Pole, to shun an Enemy, whom they were assur'd wou'd fight in Earnest.

Revenge

Revenge, is another Thing I cannot omit mentioning, by reason, I have been accus'd with being an entire Votary to that Vice, tho' I protest, in one respect, they do me wrong; for, in my Opinion, Revenge carried beyond its just Bounds, is the worst of Cruelty: I own, when any Person endeavours my Ruin, I will, in some Measure, pursue theirs, lest mine should be compleated; Self-preservation requires it, as a Magistrate strives to curb Vice lest it should reign: Were we not to exert ourselves sometimes in this Case, we should never be freed from Injuries, the villainous Part of the World would conclude us to be easy Fools, and make us the Tools whereby to gratify their Principles of Ruin and Destruction. If any one does me a good Turn, I'll return it, if in my Power, threefold; if a bad one, I'll be as even as possible, for I'll do no more Mischief than what will keep my Enemies in Awe, and justify my self; and this I think my Duty. Nor can I hold with those artful Hypocrites, who assure us, we must love and do Good to our Enemies, this I think, is inconsistent with Reason, for Gratitude commands us, to value, love, and if we can, to serve our Friends; were we to shew the same Esteem for Foes, 'twere pity we shou'd know the Difference. At this Rate, we should be left open to all manner of Impositions, and the whole World would be always plaguing one another; for where no Fear dwelt, the wicked Man would indulge his Inclinations, and we should but encourage all manner of Vice. I have been pretty obstinate in pursuing Revenge, when I have been persecuted even to the last Degree, yet I have never let it exceed the Provocation, and even then, have felt a greater Pain to injure, than in being injur'd, yet I consulted this, that were I not to do it, I might, perhaps, be depriv'd of every thing but Ruin. There has been some, and of the Female-too, who upon the bare Surmise of an Injury done 'em, have been so rash as to vow eternal Ruin, on all Events; nor have they desisted, until they have accomplish'd their Design, and for a trifling Wrong, have follow'd their Revenge, by dispersing and undoing those Families



lies who have been their Benefactors, and deem'd most good and happy. This is the Instigation of Hell, the other moral Justice; nay, for a seeming Slight, tho' peradventure not meant, have they pursued their Cruelty, 'till ended in Death they have beheld with Triumph the unfortunate bleeding Victim. Good Heaven! What Inhumanity is this! may my Principle never be infected with these Crimes, but still confine itself to the equal Bounds of Justice.

The next, and last Subject I shall employ my Pen upon, is Friendship: This, by being only pretended to, and abus'd, is made a Vice, but, in reality, is the chiefest of Virtues; and the Person who would attain to the true Knowledge of this Blessing, must first be divested of all the Follies I have already describ'd, otherwise they cannot be qualified for an entire true Friendship; they are masculine, deceitful, and vile Follies; Friendship is compos'd of Sincerity, Softness, gentle Goodness, and all that sweetens the Soul of the heavenly-dispos'd Mortal; it delights in Virtue, and will be just, because it admires Truth and Justice. If my most avow'd Enemy confides in me on any Account, I'll forfeit my Life e're I'll betray them: If I cannot conform myself to be over-and-above officious in serving them, their reposing Trust in me, shall never give me an Opportunity of wronging, exposing, or applying so mean a Revenge as Upbraiding; yet not so much for their Sakes neither, as the Pleasure I take in acquitting my self with Honour to all the World. Then how much greater must my Delight be in obliging, and being faithful to those I love and value? I would stick at nothing, that might be justly done, even to the Forfeiture of my own Peace and Repose, to gain either for my Friend: Were I to insert the many Instances I have given of this, I should but too greatly shew my Weakness in proclaiming my own Praise, and too justly expose the Ingratitudes of my pretended Friends. I shall, therefore, only wish 'em to follow my Rule, and consult Reason on all Occasions, which would quickly shew 'em how numerous are the Blessings

ings of Friendship, and how much real Happiness is lost, by ungratefully and unjustly abusing the Sincerity of a faithful Companion : nevertheless, it shall still be my Glory, as far as possible I can, to continue and support this Principle, even to Strangers : I'll behave obliging to all, be desirous of serving 'em, and procuring their Esteem, tho' I may suppose never to behold 'em more ; for Life is precarious, and should I deem myself in no Want of a Friend To-day, a few Days, or Weeks more, may convey me to some distant Shore, or County, where this very Stranger may happen, thro' Gratitude, to secure me from the utmost Degree of Misery and Misfortune ; I have even known this, for there are some who have Honesty enough to be grateful, or the World would undoubtedly be in a miserable State : Were I to enumerate on the Ideas I have of these Passions of Friendship and Gratitude, my Theme would exceed the Bounds of my Pen, and prove but tiresome, tedious, and displeasing, to those Readers who perhaps may be Strangers to the Nicety thereof.

Now I have finish'd my trifling Observations, perhaps the Female Reader wou'd ask, what was to be done, to prove herself this perfect Thing I aim at, and how she may obtain the true Sense of Friendship and Sincerity. To resolve this reasonable Question, I'll conclude with a short Character of a once lov'd reigning Favourite, who had Beauty, Wit, and a thousand pleasing Virtues, to render her agreeable and amiable, even in the Eyes of Wisdom. Had she but had the few good Qualities, I think, she wanted, the World might justly have excus'd the general Failings of the Sex, and own'd that Heaven had done enough for Woman, in making one so perfect. If there are any who have bright *Efamanda's* Beauties, what they find deficient in her Character let 'em add to theirs, so shall they surely obtain, what I have often wish'd that Fair-one, unshaken Happiness in this Life, and an Immensity of Joys hereafter.

*Efamanda*

*Efamanda* had Beauty without Blemish, and Wit without Ill-nature.

She had Sense without Discretion, Judgment without Penetration, Wisdom without Reflection, and Art without Policy. She had Goodness without Thought, Management without Conduct, and Resentment without Resolution.

She was an Enemy to Scandal, yet was credulous enough to believe it, when she heard it from another; and to shew the just Difference she made between Merit, and the direct contrary, on the first she bestow'd due Praise, and on the latter her Favours.

F I N I S.



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